

THE

SIGN



A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

THE GREEN PASTURES

By R. Shrady Post

Tin Gods and
the Limit

By W. J. Blyton

White Boys in
Yellow Skins

By M. A. Campbell

THE REDS AND AMERICAN LABOR

By Frank Duffy

One Partner:
No Divorce

By Adrian Lynch

The Provincialism
of Protestantism

By Theodore Maynard

CATHERINE OF ARAGON

By Hilaire Belloc

Porous Plasters
and Wooden Legs

By Ig Nikilis

Starting a Novnah
in the South

By John Gibbons

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SEPTEMBER, 1931

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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CONCERNING THE SIGN

WE are more than grateful for the words of commendation, both oral and written, that have come to us on the appearance of our August issue. Such words, it need not be said, are a source of felt encouragement.

As usual we have been especially complimented on *THE SIGN* Post. The proof of its being widely read is that we are receiving so many questions touching practically all aspects of Catholic teaching. While some questions may appear more or less puerile to the better instructed of our readers, they are but another proof of the prevailing ignorance of our religion even among practising Catholics.

THE series on "The Canon Law of Marriage," by Father Adrian Lynch, C.P., is eliciting high praise from clerical and lay readers alike. Marriage, of course, is always a rather interesting subject. It is imperative that the Church's teaching and legislation dealing with it should be shouted from the housetops in these days when the unity, the indissolubility, the sanctity of matrimony are being outraged by all classes.

WE believe that the vast majority of our citizens are not aware of the advance being made in our midst by the agents of Communism. We know that to say anything against the Reds is to court the sneer from certain quarters that one is seeing "red." Yet the fact remains that Communism is not quiescent, and its propaganda insidious. The article in this issue on "The Reds and American Labor" is enlightening. It is written by Mr. Frank Duffy, General Secretary of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America.

THESE are parlous days for the publishing business. There is hardly a magazine on review that is not suffering in an especial way from the depression. Many secular publications have failed or are on the verge of failing, due principally to the lack of advertising. And the religious Press, Protestant and Catholic; which has never been surfeited with advertising, is finding the going extraordinarily hard.

THE latest issue of *The Living Church* announces that this organ of the Episcopalian high church element shall have to cease publication in the immediate future if prompt and ample aid is not forthcoming. On the other hand evidences multiply that the Universalists throughout the country believe in their mouthpiece the *Christian Leader*, and propose to support it generously. Here are extracts from two letters that reached the Editor in the same mail:

This is the first:

"I am enclosing my check for \$1,000 (one

thousand dollars) in payment for another Headquarters Gold Note. I have been a reader of the *Leader* for many years, and should be sorry to see it 'grow less.'"

This is the second:

"Am sending my check for one thousand dollars (\$1,000.00) for another of the Headquarters Gold Notes.

"I am sending this because I love the Universalist Church and feel the *Leader* is one of the great factors in keeping it alive."

ONE is almost tempted to envy the *Leader's* Editor. We can hardly look for \$1,000 lumps of tangible encouragement, but may we not ask those of our readers who can afford to do so to give something extra for their subscription when so many subscribers find it impossible to renew their subscriptions. Donations are welcome!

ANOTHER way of helping is to subscribe for another person or for your home town library or for a foreign missionary or his charges. Many of these latter are clamoring for Catholic literature. Please read this extract from a letter written by Father Juan B. Rubina of Vican, P. I.: "I wish to thank you for the copies of *THE SIGN* which I am receiving regularly. I believe a kind friend had subscribed to it for our Catholic Students' Library. I find the Magazine most interesting and instructive, and I enjoy reading it. The students too, as I have observed, like it very much, and I hope much good is being obtained by them in the reading of the Magazine.

"I am conducting several student's organizations and I am in need of Catholic Literature. Could you not send me, or convince others, to send some books, pamphlets and periodicals? The students in my organization are all from the Government schools, and I am trying my best to get them into the Catholic associations so as to give them religious instructions. Thanks to God, they correspond to my efforts in their behalf, but I think I could do much more for their religious instruction, had I a good Catholic Library."

REV. LOUIS R. MORROW, another priest in the Philippines, writes: "The most successful way of distributing reading matter such as *THE SIGN* affords is through the libraries, public and private, as also through the reading rooms of the high schools, which in the Philippines are huge gathering places of the various Provinces." He sends us a list of 81 such libraries in the hope that we may furnish them with free copies of *THE SIGN*. Unfortunately, our free list is already filled, and we must rely on the goodness of our subscribers to supply the copies asked for. Whatever help may be given us in spreading *THE SIGN* will be more than appreciated.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

DICTATOR Stalin seems to be abandoning pure and undefiled Communism. He has adopted pay by piece-work and wages proportioned to skill. He has now gone

Sunday Comes Back in Russia

back on the Revolutionary week made up of four working days and one day of rest, dividing the workers into five groups four of which were continuously at work. Now Stalin himself has been forced to admit that the economic argument supporting the continuous week has proven to be a futile thing. Informed critics of conditions in Russia know that increased efficiency and productivity were not the only reasons for the institution of the five-day week. It was a part of the Soviet Government's plan to do away with the Christian Sunday, the Jewish Saturday and the Moslem Friday as days of religious worship. According to the five-day week plan husband, wife and each working child were given a different day of rest with the ostensible purpose of developing "a higher social consciousness," but really for the one object of breaking up the family life. "Perhaps," in the words of the New York Times, "the return to the old-style week is another strategic retreat before certain human traits which have proved to be a bit more ingrained than the Soviet experimenters assumed."

■ ■ ■

ATERM that has been emphatically featured in practically all recent press reports from Rome is "Catholic Action." Though the term may be comparatively new, the thing it stands for is very ancient. It may be generally described as an organization of the Catholic laity to see that proper attention is given in public life

What Is Catholic Action?

to Christian principles. The idea underlying it need cause no alarm to any outside the Church or fearfully timid souls within.

Catholic Action does not mean the establishing of any secret or underhand organization for the extermination of non-Catholics. Nor does it involve a campaign of social or economic boycott against them. Much less does it cover an attempt to exclude them from appointment or election to public office. The Catholic Church teaches and has always taught that the State is bound by the principles of distributive justice to treat all citizens alike and to recognize merit and suitability as the only claims to political office. Catholic Action is not a political movement; much less does it look to the formation of a distinctly Catholic political party.

Pope Pius XI has made it abundantly clear that Catholic Action is built on the agreement of public life with Catholic principles; on the harmony of Catholic conduct with Catholic faith; on the conformation of Catholic practice to Catholic teaching. He realizes, as every

thinking man must realize, that the whole trend of the modern world is away from revealed religion, that a concerted drive in many countries is being made against Christianity, and that, if things go on in the near future as they have been going on in the recent past, the Church shall have to confront a new pagan world with a pagan belief, pagan morals and a pagan outlook.

Present conditions in Italy, Spain and Mexico are the best proof of the imperative need of Catholic Action. In these countries, overwhelmingly Catholic, an active minority of anti-Catholic or atheistic individuals is dominant. Between priests who are too priestly to need the help of the laity and the laity who are so lay as to leave the whole defense of the Church to the clergy the Faith is being effectively overthrown. The Holy Father keenly senses the situation. He stresses the need for coöperation between the cleric and the layman. In particular, he calls upon the laity to manifest before the world the perfection of Christ's moral teaching and to insist that public and family life, legislation, social and economic reform, education, art, literature and amusements be guided by sound Christian principles.

■ ■ ■

THE Federal Council of Churches has completed its report on the conditions of the moving picture industry. It is a dispassionate analysis. There are no blasts of wholesale condemnation or trumpet calls to action. But in the summary of its investigation the report says in effect that all the efforts hitherto inaugurated, or feignedly inaugurated, for improving the moral tone of the movies have achieved little or nothing towards that end. The report carries the startling admission that the producers of motion pictures have given the Hays office no authority over the quality or the content of their pictures. Furthermore, the National Board of Review makes no attempt to censor pictures on the basis of "vulgarity, inanity or general ethical value."

Federal Council of Churches Investi- gates the Movies

This is the upshot of all the fine talk about adopting a moral code to which pictures shall be conformed! The Hays organization seems to be a bluff, and there is plenty of evidence in the report to prove it.

Pictures afford an exceptional opportunity to convey clean and wholesome entertainment. But the producers are not concerned over the moral uplift of the people. What they want is money. And they know that the way to get it is to serve to the public vicious and corrupting pictures.

But the fault does not lie entirely with the producers. If dirty and crime-breeding films were not in demand, there would be no supply. But there is a demand, and there will continue to be a supply so long as the tastes of our citizens are so inclined. Those who view with grave alarm the continuous output of films of murder,

free love, fornication and adultery may well ask themselves to what extent they are abetting this business by their presence at the movies.

The only efficacious way in which to purge the pictures of their moral rottenness is to keep away from those theatres which exhibit indecent and immoral films. If all those who habitually lament the low estate of the films would by concerted action and by the use of every legitimate means at their disposal endeavor to discourage attendance at the exhibition of such pictures, they would be doing something intelligent and productive of effect. It cannot be repeated too often that the only effective argument against agencies which flout public decency is a withdrawal of patronage. Business men have only one vulnerable spot—the pocket-book. Attack that and they listen and come to terms.

ON Sunday, September 13, the Columbia Broadcasting System will inaugurate a "Church of the Air" on its nation-wide network, in which Protestants, Jews and Catholics will each be given a

Columbia's "Church of the Air"

half-hour period every Sunday of autumn, winter and spring. The creation of this "Air" church marks a radical change in the policy of the Columbia System and involves the sacrifice of a large annual revenue which has hitherto come from the sale of time for religious broadcasting. The System is making an outright donation of its facilities. In announcing the abolition of religious broadcasting on a commercial basis and the placing of it in the category of free services to the public William S. Paley, the System's President, said:

"In adopting the new plan of religious broadcasting we have uppermost in mind freeing ourselves from the responsibility, which we are not qualified to assume, of allotting time on a commercial basis to different religions and different preachers. So long as we view this question solely in the light of business practice we are likely to fail to give to the radio audience the balanced religious broadcasting it is entitled to. We feel that religious broadcasting is a public service which should be administered as far as possible under the guidance of persons closely associated with religious endeavor and definitely capable of handling such broadcasting in the public interest. We expect this new plan to be another step in Columbia's earnest endeavor to serve the best interests of its radio audience and to discharge its public duties."

At 2:30 P. M., September 13, His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston and the ranking prelate of the Church in America, will speak. On succeeding Sundays he will be followed by other speakers designated by the archbishops. Among the religious leaders who have consulted with the Columbia System in the preparation of its schedule are the Rev. T. J. Ahern, S.J., of Weston College, Weston, Mass., representing Cardinal O'Connell, and the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Hugh J. Lamb, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, representing Cardinal Dougherty.

"Church of the Air" may be a fitting title for the Jewish and Protestant services, as these will be made up of Scriptural readings, prayer, hymn-singing, liturgy and sermon of about fifteen minutes. But "Church of the Air" is a meaningless phrase in so far as Catholics are concerned. For non-Catholics, whose worship consists largely in a man's voice and some music, the radio may be sufficient, whereas for Catholics it cannot usurp the place of corporate worship. It can no more supply the needs of the human soul than a library of sacred literature. Without doubt the Catholic period will be devoted almost exclusively to a lecture or preachment

which will afford enlightenment to Catholic and non-Catholic alike. Let us pray that the living voice will draw many into the Body of Christ, which is His Church, and quicken in the hearer an urgent desire to enter fully into the Christian inheritance.

EVEN at this late date some patriotic Americans still believe that the Pope has his eye on the White House and that Catholics are intent on getting control of the Government. We had thought that this fear-founded belief was a thing of the past, but apparently such is not the case. Here is the witness of *The Living Church* (Episcopalian) in an editorial of its August 1 issue:

"Some people dislike the Pope. They show it chiefly by warning all who will listen to them that, 'if we don't watch out,' the Pope will land in the United States and take over the White House for his official residence. They have heard this rumor, and they believe it. No one can reassure them. They have only pity for the blind nonchalance of those who urge them not to worry. Occasionally, at a State function, one of them warns the President himself, in a hasty moment, between handshakes. Crazy? Not at all. They simply believe what they wish about the person they dislike: the Pope. They really believe it, too. It would not surprise them at all to meet the Pope entering the gates of the Executive Mansion."

NO denial by Catholics, of course, will effect a change in mind or heart of these deluded persons. That is why we hope at least some of them will read *Will America Become Catholic*. It was published on August 3, by Harper Brothers. The author, John F. Moore, a former Y. M. C. A. secretary, accentuates the fact that he is an avowed Protestant. He gives this as a sample of the claims made in this same circle as to the magnitude of the Papal power in this country:

"A Protestant paper recently published a widely copied article tending to demonstrate that the personnel of the National Government was preponderantly Catholic and assumed that it was directly or indirectly under the sway of Rome. The writer of that article said that more than 70 per cent of all appointments made by President Wilson were Catholics; that 62 per cent of all offices in the United States are held by Catholics; that in all cities and towns of 10,000 or more inhabitants an average of 90 per cent of the police force are Catholics and that 3,000 public schools now contribute a part or all of the school tax to Catholic churches and schools."

Quite honestly Mr. Moore admits that he could find no facts to support these statements. But he did make some important discoveries. Among these may be listed the following:

1. In our diplomatic service less than one per cent are Catholics.
2. Not a single one of our 48 states has a Catholic Governor.
3. Only 3 per cent of the Treasury Department staff are Catholics.
4. Of the 63 executives in the Postoffice Department not one is a Catholic.
5. In the Seventy-third Congress there are only 35 Catholics among the 435 Congressmen, and only 6 Catholics among the 98 Senators.
6. The Methodists, though less than half the Catholic body, have nearly three times as many Congressmen, and the Episcopalians, though not more than one-

fifteenth the number of Catholics, have five times as many Senators.

7. In the same Congress there were 65 Masons in the Senate as against 6 Catholics; 304 Masons in the House as against 35 Catholics; and, while we have not one Catholic Governor, 36 of the 48 Governors are Masons. Yet there are over 20,000,000 Catholics in the country and only about 3,000,000 Masons.

Mr. Moore observes:

"Even though Catholic representation among the clerical forces at Washington might be large, it most assuredly is not in evidence in the higher spheres where final authority and power rest. One is almost bewildered by the slight impression this great religious body is making upon the political consciousness of the nation in its larger and broader aspects."

From the figures presented Mr. Moore is convinced that Protestants who believe in the impending control of American political life by Catholics show "exaggerated alarm." In conclusion he states:

"That the Catholic Church has produced brilliant men and women of letters, gifted financiers and successful captains of industry is recognized. One cannot fail to wonder why the number of such outstanding leaders in the world of thought and action should be so few—surely the number is not sufficient to give promise of early domination of America's cultural, political and business life."

Let the patriots shake themselves out of a horrible nightmare—the Pope hasn't arrived yet!

WE have it on the authority of conscientious eye-witnesses that in the coal mine strike region of Pittsburgh the strikers and their families are literally starving, existing on bread and coffee exclusively. Their clothing is old and often ragged. Many women and children are without shoes and stockings. These conditions

are the result of the poor wages paid the miners before the strike. Twenty-six dollars for two weeks' work was the top pay. In most cases the miners did not receive any cash as their wages had been used up in meeting various "services" and company store and house obligations.

In these harrowing circumstances appeal for aid was made to the executives of the Red Cross. Chairman John Barton Payne refused for the reason that the organization by its charter cannot give relief except only in disasters caused by "acts of God." In making this decision he evidently overlooked the fact that the Red Cross in 1921 declared that the prevalence of malnutrition among the children of the nation "constituted an emergency which calls for help from the Red Cross." He seems also to have forgotten that the Red Cross in 1930 made two contributions, each of \$5,000, to assist the Russian refugees in Germany and the destitute Russians in Manchuria. In none of the annual reports of the Red Cross since the war is found a confirmation of the statement of Mr. Payne that relief is to be given only in "act of God" disasters. On the contrary these records show an unbroken list of declarations in favor of relief work whenever and wherever needed.

Last winter the Red Cross refused to administer a contemplated Federal appropriation for the benefit of the unemployed. We do not say that this was a case of playing politics, though we know that President Hoover was opposed to the appropriation. Nor are we prepared to say that Mr. Payne is afraid to help the striking miners lest he incur the ill-will of mine owners, among whom may be some heavy contributors to his organization. But we do say that the Red

Cross has shown itself guilty of a small and silly policy and that if it does not change that policy we should keep the matter in mind when the organization calls on us for contributions in its next annual drive.

AFORM of Catholic Action that should accomplish untold good is the recently organized Catholic Physicians' Guild of America. Such Guilds have been in existence for years in France, Belgium and England. The St. Luke's Guild was started in New York some twenty years ago, but died out from lack of personal interest

and a definite program. It is confidently expected that the new venture will rapidly grow and thrive. Already over 1,000 Catholic physicians in New York alone have joined the Guild, and the membership is expected to embrace about 2,000 in the immediate future. Branches are established, or are being established, in all the principal eastern cities.

In these days when the moral teachings of the Church, especially in our own country, are being assailed by all manner of anti-moral and immoral forces which operate under the plea of moral freedom, of liberty of conscience, of removal of the fear of religion, of the demands of modern science, of the uncontrollable calls of nature, of the pressure of economic restrictions, of demands for radical changes in eugenical practice, we must look for defense to Catholic doctors, since many of these excuses center about the science of medicine and the obligations of physicians. For the benefit of the many medical men who read *THE SIGN* and may not be members of the Guild we print the name and address of the organizing secretary: Anthony Bassler, M.D., 784 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

TO Doctor Thomas P. Hart on the Centenary of the Cincinnati Catholic *Telegraph*, of which he has been the courageous and indefatigable Editor for more than thirty-three years. § To Rev. Joseph Reith, S.J., former business manager of *Jesuit Missions*, on his appointment to active missionary work in the Philippine Islands.

§ To the thirteen young missionaries, representing six Religious Orders, on the completion of their medical course at Georgetown University in preparation for their foreign mission work. § To Rev. John B. Delaunay, C.S.C., J.C.D., on the mid-summer issue of *The Bengalese*, which he edits with such distinction. § To Rev. Michael J. Ready, former Director of the Propagation of the Faith, Diocese of Cleveland, on his appointment to the Assistant Directorship of the National Catholic Welfare Council. § To the Rt. Rev. Thomas K. Gorman, former Editor of *Tidings*, Los Angeles, on his consecration as first Bishop of Reno. § To the twelve young Maryknoll Missionaries on their departure for the Orient. § To the Benedictine Fathers, of the Catholic University of Peking, on their establishing *Peking*, a monthly magazine of exceptional merit. § To Judge Richard Hopkins on his courage in giving Jack (Legs) Diamond "the limit" in fine and time. § To James A. Finch, William Hitz, Atlee Pomerene and Leo A. Rover on the refusal to recommend the clemency appeal in favor of Albert B. Fall. § To the Southern growers on their turning down the inane suggestion of the Farm Board that they destroy a part of the cotton crop. § To the Columbia Broadcasting System on its "Church of the Air."

The Red Cross and Acts of God

Toasts Within the Month

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

TWO PASSION QUATRAINS

THESE verses are by Norman Johnson, C. S. C., and originally appeared in that delightful mission magazine, The Bengalese:

IMAGES

Veronica-like I shall meet my Lord,
And He with Passion's art
Shall limn His Face upon my breast,
And His Spirit in my heart.

BURIAL

Here in my heart will He find His sleep,
And rest from His Passionate pain,
In the sepulchre hewn from the rock of my heart
Wherein no man yet has lain.

THIRTY-ONE REASONS WHY

A PARISH visitor, according to The Living Church, has tabulated the reasons assigned by Protestants upon whom she has called, for not attending church. Thirty-one excuses have been given by as many persons, as follows:

1. Too deaf to hear the sermon.
2. Too lame to walk up the hill.
3. Cannot get the family up to breakfast; too late when breakfast is over to dress.
4. Clothing too shabby.
5. Cannot get in the way of going—have stayed away so long.
6. Has not been to Church since son died, who was organist; cannot stand it to hear someone else play.
7. "Some way we always have company on Sunday."
8. Do not go because they have windows open; cannot stand the draught.
9. Children too young to leave, and no servant.
10. Clothing so shabby that people look at her.
11. Does not go because they do not open the windows.
12. Has to go to New York every Sunday to see the doctor.
13. Lost two children in ten days; does not think it just, so does not come.
14. Choir sings too loud, affects her head.
15. Cannot stand such long sermons as the rector preaches.
16. Lost a child recently, and the rector not being prompt the funeral was delayed a half hour; gave great offense.
17. Had trouble in the choir.
18. Rector preached on giving one-tenth of your income; cannot go and listen to such things; don't believe in it.
19. Don't believe in the doctrine the rector is preaching at the present time.
20. Don't go to church because the rector does not call on them.
21. Cannot get home from morning service in time to get a warm dinner.
22. Don't like the rector's family.
23. No one in the congregation notices her.
24. Recently buried only daughter; cannot come to church; makes her sad.
25. Rector never gave the children's baptismal certificate as promised.
26. Does not go to church because she always sees a man there who persecuted the former rector.
27. Does not go to church because she is not on good terms with husband.

28. Rector corrected son in Sunday school; cannot forgive it.

29. Rector's family does not call.

30. Rector did not visit member of family who was sick.

31. Don't approve of the rector's sermons.

THE HYOGLOSSUS MUSCLE

AN instance of the good work which the Federal Trade Commission is doing is given in the Scientific American. It succeeded in extracting the hyoglossus muscle from the Perfect Voice Institute of Chicago.

An order was recently issued by the Federal Trade Commission to Perfect Voice Institute, Chicago correspondence school, and T. G. Cooke, its president, to stop representing, among other things, that every student can have a beautiful speaking or singing voice by developing a certain muscle and taking simple exercises.

The primary cause of strong and weak, and of perfect and imperfect voices, lies in the development and control of the hyoglossus muscle, so it was represented and taught in the course of instruction furnished by Perfect Voice Institute. It was further represented that the system of instruction had been proved by every law of physics, anatomy, mechanics, and mathematics, and had shown itself to be infallible in practice by tests on thousands of students all over the world.

An alleged post-mortem examination of the throat of Caruso, showing a wonderful development of his hyoglossus muscle, proves, according to Cooke, the amazing truth of the Feuchtinger discovery of the true functions of the hyoglossus muscle. It took Caruso many years instinctively to control his hyoglossus muscle, but in the end he became the greatest singer of the century, it was advertised.

The Commission found that there had been no post-mortem examination of Caruso.

Every student's throat is constructed exactly like that of Caruso and other world famous singers, with just one exception: they had developed their hyoglossus muscle, according to the Perfect Voice Institute. The main difference between the normal vocal organ of the student and that of Caruso lies in the control, strength and development of the hyoglossus muscle, the institute declared.

The Commission found that the hyoglossus muscle serves no possible function in voice tone production. It is one of a large group of swallowing muscles intimately connected and its isolation or separate development is physiologically impossible. Its function is to depress the tongue and draw down its sides so as to render it convex from side to side.

MAINE 1856: UNITED STATES 1931

HISTORICUS has discovered in the London Daily Telegraph of July 5, 1855, a correspondent's description of the then Prohibition law in the State of Maine:

Every person is his own publican and sinner, and every private house might with propriety hang out the sign of an unlicensed victualler. The effect of this is the violation of State law, the promotion of thirst—for the prohibition acts as caviare—and a great deal of immorality in the shape of deceit, lying, and hypocrisy.

Many humorous stories are undoubtedly told of the evasion of this law. If a stranger ask for a glass of lemonade, he is treated to whiskey and water, and told, with a grin, that the weather is so hot they are obliged to make that beverage strong in order to keep it. Teapots are perverted from their proper use to an extent terrible to the sober mind to contemplate; druggists compound nothing save alcoholic mixtures. You are constantly misunderstood if you ask for any mild beverage such as milk or chocolate—silence is interpreted by rum, a nod by peach brandy, and the act of shaking hands by corn whiskey. A remark concerning the weather is a request for mint julep, and an inquiry after a friend's health means brandy cocktail or brandy smash. The merchant gets elevated in his counting house, the parson in his study, and everyone else where he can.

THE RACKETEERS' ARGOT

JOHN WILSTACH contributes to The Saturday Review of Literature this list of words and phrases common among the racketeers but not yet in general use:

Belch—Complaint.
Build—Initial confidence talk.
Buried—Imprisoned.
Cold-Meat Party—Wake or funeral.
Creep-Joint—Gambling joint that moves nightly.
Grease—Money paid for protection, to make business move smoothly.
Heat Is On—Prohibition officers in the neighborhood.
Hot Squat—Electric chair.
In the Bag—Something fixed in advance, as a crooked sporting event.
Jake—Satisfactory. Also a term of agreement.
Jolt—A term in prison.
Jug—Jail; also hoosegow, cannery, poogie, stone mansion, college.
Junk—Narcotics.
Life-boat—A pardon or another trial.
Mark—A victim.
McCoy—Genuine goods; a person dependable.
Mouthpiece—A lawyer.
On Ice—In the penitentiary.
Paper Hanger—Passer of bad checks.
Stiff racket—Death.
Topped—Bumped off.
Uncle—A receiver of stolen goods.
Unfinished Business—A wounded rival.
Yen—Desire.

NEARER AND NEARER THEY COME

HERE'S another illustration of the Anglican (Episcopalian) approach to the Faith. It's taken from The Church Times of London and describes "The Men's League of the Holy Cross":

THE OBJECTS OF THE LEAGUE ARE AS FOLLOWS:

1. The promotion of godly living among its members.
2. The deepening of friendship among Catholic men and the spiritual training of souls that they may take their full part in the work of God's Church.

THE RULES OF THE LEAGUE ARE AS FOLLOWS:

- Each member shall undertake to keep the Rules of the Catholic Church with regard to:
- (a) Mass attendance on Sundays and Festivals.
 - (b) Regular use of the Sacraments of Penance and Communion.
 - (c) Keeping the Fasts of the Church.
 - (d) Practice of regular Almsgiving.
2. Every member shall undertake to bear his part in the Mission work of the Church for the conversion of souls to our Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men by

the promotion of Church principles and the advancement of such social and religious reforms as may be considered worthy of support and are consistent with the principles of the Catholic Faith.

AL CAPONE GETS THE BAD NEWS

THE scene is the Chicago courtroom. Scarface Al, quite dazed by the determination of the court, has pleaded guilty, and a date has been set for his sentence. *H. I. Phillips of The Sun Dial supplies the dialogue:*

Al (to one of his lawyers)—Did I hear that Judge right? Did he say sumpin' about a sentence?

Lawyer—It sounded like "sentence" to me, too, but there must be some mistake.

Al—Sure there must be some mistake. Ask him what he said.

Lawyer—Yerroner, did I understand you to say the accused would be sentenced?

Court—You did.

Lawyer (to Al)—I guess he did.

Al (who can't quite believe it yet)—Sumpin's all wrong, I tell you. This is the United States, ain't it?

Lawyer—Sure, it's the United States.

Al—Well, you know as well as they do they don't give no racketeers sentences in the United States.

Lawyer—It's certainly a violation of precedent.

Al—Precedent, h—! It's unconstitutional.

Lawyer—It's certainly strange conduct in an American court. I remember nothing like it.

Al—I ain't getting no more respect from that Judge than if I was an honest citizen brought in for violating the no-spitting ordinance. What's the idea?

Lawyer—It looks to me as if the courts were losing perspective.

Al—It's all your fault. You had me plead guilty.

Lawyer—You were guilty, weren't you, Al?

Al (impatiently)—Sure I was, but why should I admit it. I only pleaded guilty because you said it would save time and I could get back to business. Don't that Judge know that's the way it's done?

Lawyer—I guess not, Al.

Al (angrily)—Lissen, I ain't gonna let no Judge get away with that stuff. If they put me in jail what'll become of the beer racket? What'll the newspaper photographers do on dull days? How'll the press get along for news with me out of business?

Lawyer—I dunno, Al. I'm all broken up about it. I dunno what's gonna become of lawyers if the courts start jailing clients with plenty of money and influence.

Al—Anybody'd think this was Russia.

Lawyer—It's all pretty disheartening.

Al (the terrible thought suddenly striking him)—Lissen, I just had a terrible suspicion. It made me cold all over.

Lawyer—What was it?

Al (with a look of horror)—Do you think things have come to a pass where the GOVERNMENT HAS DECIDED TO GO STRAIGHT?

ODDMENTS OF THE NEWS

In its unique manner of writing, the newsmagazine Time presents the following:

Legless

In Pittsburgh, Pa., Ralph Okane and Fred Keith, legless peddlers on wheeled carriers, lunged at each other ferociously in a street fight. A crowd gathered, watched them swing their fists, wield sticks, bite each other.

Bad

In Denver, Mr. and Mrs. Warren E. McLean lay on

their folding bed listening to a radio program. The bed snapped shut, killed Warren E. McLean.

Installment

In Chicago, Mrs. John Los indignantly exhibited in court a contract signed by her husband and a friend: "Mr. John Los is agreeable to selling his wife, Anna, to Mr. Steve Labinovitch for \$100. Paid, \$25."

Change

At Haven, Kan., Oscar Fishburn paid a bushel of wheat for admission to a baseball game, received half a bushel of oats in change.

Shaver

At Gilgad, near Ballymena, Ireland, William Surgenor was fined for refusing to send his ten-year-old son to school. He said that the boy had to be shaved four times a week, that schoolmates annoyed him by joking about his beard.

Reunion

In the Pennsylvania Station, New York City, Sophie Skrupska, a Polish immigrant, sought directions for traveling west. To act as interpreter a compatriot was summoned from a track repair gang, proved to be the brother of Sophie Skrupska.

Family

Near Dozier, Ala., lived a family of three, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mitchell and their son, Love. In one day the father died of a paralytic stroke, the son was struck by lightning and killed, the mother, shocked by the double tragedy, collapsed and died.

Gulp

In Manhattan, Hattie Brown, 25, housemaid, gulped when questioned about a ring stolen from her mistress. An X-ray picture revealed the ring in her stomach.

Swig

In East Orange, N. J., Campbell C. Groel was arraigned for drunken driving. Police Exhibit A, a bottle of musty port, was handed to the defendant. He took a long swig, commented: "Somebody's weakened it." Thus assured that Campbell C. Groel had been drinking from that bottle, the recorder fined him \$200, suspended his license.

Postcards

In Chicago, Mrs. Janet Estes filed suit for divorce because her husband neglected her for picture postcards. To fill a gap in his series, he went to Elkhart, Ind., remained there a year. Last fortnight he wrote home for his passport, said he was going to Russia "to round out a memorable monument of postcards."

Fox

In Battle Creek, Mich., Betty Fox, 23, sat atop a flagpole for 126 hours, broke the world's record for women. Crowds gathered afterwards to watch her sleep in the show window of a department store, cheered thunderously when she sat up, smiled, went back to sleep.

Prices

In Mentone, Tex., oil sold for 25c a barrel, water 50c.

Fortune

In Chicago a fortune-teller told Mrs. Sarah Koestner, 26, that her 7-year-old son would lose his sight and that her husband would desert her. Leaving a note to the husband directing that the son's eyes be tested twice a year, Mrs. Sarah Koestner rented a ninth-story hotel room, jumped out the window.

Heart

In Mexico City Albert Medrano, who had tried to commit suicide by: throwing himself under a train (but was prevented); shooting himself in the head (but the pistol failed); asphyxiation (but relatives broke in); drowning (but he was hauled out of the river); hanging (but he was cut down), made one more attempt. He climbed to the roof of his house, jumped off, died of heart failure.

Cinemad

At Thornshavn, Faroe Islands, Eskimo Otto Knudsen saw his first cinema, went violently cinemad. Several

powerful companions had to hold down, strap to a steamer bunk and convey to Copenhagen for treatment Eskimo Otto Knudsen.

Tap

At [our own] Union City, N. J., Laura del Vecchia, 4, tapped on a neighbor's plate-glass window with a stick. A Mrs. Intermaggio, wife of the owner of the window, rushed out and scolded Laura del Vecchia. Laura's grandmother hurried up, scolded Mrs. Intermaggio. Laura's father bustled up, scolded Mr. Intermaggio too. Intermaggio arrived; he and Laura's father fought, grappled, crashed through the plate-glass window, had to be taken to a hospital, were arrested, locked up in jail.

FOR OUR WHOLE PARISH

MANY worries can be diminished by realizing their unimportance. The wise old Negro woman, being asked why she was so cheerful in her misfortunes, replied, "Child, I just wears this world as a loose garment."—*The Churchman*.

An old Negro preacher owned a mule which had an efficient pair of heels and a loud but unmusical voice.

One Sunday morning, while the preacher was delivering his sermon, the mule persisted in putting his head in at the window and braying loudly.

The preacher finally said: "Breddern and sistern, is dere one among you all who knows how to keep dat mule quiet?"

"Fahson," replied a man, "if you will jess tie a stone to dat mule's tail he sho will keep quiet."

"Breddern and sistern," said the preacher, "let him who is without sin tie de fust stone."—*Church Management*.

Hobbs—Where are you going to spend your vacation?
Dobbs—Right here in the city. My country uncle, who is visiting us, is going to show me all the historical places and my country nephew, who arrived last night, is going to show me the high-life spots.—*Boston Transcript*.

A resident of Windsor, Ont., bought a pair of shoes in a Detroit department store. The shoes went to the wrapping counter and back came the usual neatly tied package. Thereupon the Windsorite put the box under his arm and beat it for the ferry. It was not his intention to pay duty on the new shoes and once the ferry was out in the stream, he hurried to the men's room, took off his old shoes and threw them out a window into the river, after which he opened his package and found—a 98-cent doll.—*Boston Globe*.

COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

WE should like to know the original source of this essay on the Banana by a Japanese schoolboy:

The banana are great remarkable fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as the honorable sausage. Difference being, skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it are not adviceable to eat rapping of banana. . . . Banana are held aloft while consuming, sausage are usually left in reclining position. . . . Sausage depends for creation upon human being or stuffing machine, while banana are pristine product of honorable mother nature. In case of sausage both conclusions are attached to other sausages, honorable banana on opposite hand are joined on one end to the stem, other termination are entirely loose. Finally banana are strictly member of the vegetable kingdom, while affiliation of sausage is often undecided.

THE REDS *and*

By
Frank Duffy

AMERICAN LABOR

FOR years the Socialists have been a disturbing element in our midst. Their representatives orated by the hour on street corners, public squares and in the parks of every city of importance in the country. They worked their way into every group they possibly could and made themselves heard. They preached against capitalism and the capitalistic class. They claimed that "All wealth comes from labor and that all misery comes from the possession of private property," and that the only way to offset these and like evils was through government ownership of the means of production and distribution.

No more wage system, no more employers, no more capitalists. Our Government was looked upon as a capitalistic government and must be abolished and a proletarian (working class) government established in its stead.

"Boring from Within"

THEY did not get very far with this propaganda. Then they invaded the labor unions, became members thereof and started operations of "boring from within." The trade unionists resented this. The indifference of the organized wage workers to their pleas did not faze them in the least. They carried their propaganda to the councils of the American Federation of Labor. At the 23rd annual convention of the American Federation held in Boston in November, 1903, they introduced resolutions dealing with:

1. The collective ownership of land and capital.
2. Favoring public ownership of all the means of production and distribution.
3. United working-class political action.
4. Calling on the wage workers to become class conscious.
5. Asking that May 1 be set aside as a day of protest against the exploitation of the workers.
6. Claiming that there is an irresistible conflict between the capitalistic class and the working class.

These resolutions were considered and acted on at the same time and

took up part of two days' debate when the policies, principles and objects of the Socialists were reviewed from all viewpoints.

Samuel Compers' Advice

THE trade unionists realized they were in the front line trenches with the Socialists and that it was a fight to a finish. At the close of the debate, President Compers of the A. F. of L., in summing up, said:

"I want to tell you Socialists that I have studied your philosophy; read your works upon economics, and not the meanest of them; studied your standard works both in English and German—have not only read but studied them. I have heard your orators and watched the work of your movement the world over. I have kept close watch upon your doctrines for thirty years; have been closely associated with many of you, and know how you think and what you propose. I know, too, what you have up your sleeve. And I want to say that I am entirely at variance with your philosophy. I declare it to you, I am not only at variance with your doctrines, but with your philosophy. Economically, you are unsound; socially, you are wrong; industrially, you are an impossibility."

Every delegate at that convention was on his mettle. When the vote was taken it was overwhelmingly against these resolutions, and thus the question of Socialism was settled once and for all in the American Labor Movement as represented by the American Federation of Labor.

But this knock-out blow did not prevent them from continuing their agitation in other fields; in fact, they became more active. Some weak-kneed Americans became infatuated with their philosophy and joined them, but not the hard-headed, practical organized wage workers of the American Labor movement.

In 1904 the Socialists had a membership of nearly 21,000; in 1908, 42,000; in 1912, 118,000; in 1916, 83,000 and in 1920, 27,000.

The War played havoc with them. Some were Pacifists, others half-Pacifists; all were opposed to the war. They publicly branded "the declaration of war by our Govern-

ment as a crime against the nations of the world" and called upon "the wage workers of all countries to refuse support to their Governments in their wars," as they looked upon all wars as capitalistic wars.

Towards the end of the War, when Russia abolished its form of government and dethroned the Czar, Lenin stepped in with his "Great Idea," which was "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat (working class)," and formed a new government. As he was the leader of the fighting, Red radical left wing of the Socialists, known as the Bolshevics, the new government was known as a Bolshevich government.

The Bolshevich Constitution

IN THE proclamation of a constitution for a Soviet Republic in 1917, the character of the Bolshevich government is set forth as follows:

1. Russia is declared to be a Republic of the Soviet of Workers', Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies.
2. All central local power belongs to these Soviets.
3. The Russian Soviet Republic is organized on the basis of a free union of free nations as a federation of Soviet national republics.

On January 23, 1919, the leaders of this new faith issued a call for an International Bolshevich Congress to be held in Moscow, in which, among other things, it was specified that:

"The Congress of the International Commune has deemed it necessary and urgent to convoke the first congress of the New Revolutionary International. While the War has brought about the complete bankruptcy of both the Socialist and Social Democratic parties, it has also revealed the danger that the Revolution may now be stifled by an alliance of the capitalists of the different countries who coalesce against it under the hypocritical device of a League of Nations. These and other such motives impel the calling now of an international assembly of the Revolutionary Proletariat.

"For the International we declare our belief that the following principles should be the platform of such a congress:

- "1. The present period is the

period of the dissolution and fall of the entire capitalistic system of the world.

"2. The task of the proletariat (working class) of today is to take possession of the governmental power in order to replace it with the machinery of proletarian rule.

"3. This new machinery must embody the dictatorship of the working class and in some places that of the small farmers and agricultural workers, that it may be the instrument of the systematic ruin of the exploiting classes.

"4. The dictatorship of the working class must pursue the immediate expropriation of capitalism (put it out of all its possessions) and the suppression of private ownership in the means of production; which signifies, under the name of Socialism, the suppression of private property and its transfer to the proletarian State under the Socialist administration of the working class; also the abolition of capitalist agricultural production, and the monopolization of the great commercial houses and lines of business.

"5. To ensure the social Revolution the disarmament of the bourgeois (capitalistic class) and its agents and the general arming of the proletariat (working class) are necessary.

"6. The fundamental condition of the struggle is the mass action of the proletariat, extending even to open war with the iron fist against the governmental power of capitalism.

"7. As to the rest, it is necessary to act in solid agreement with the Revolutionary elements among the working class that no matter what party they may have hitherto belonged to, are now ready to adopt the Dictatorship of the Proletariat under the power of the Soviets; including the Syndicalist elements in the labor movement.

"8. Finally, it is necessary to rally the labor groups and organizations that, although they may not have joined as yet the Revolutionary element of the Left, have shown a tendency to move in that direction."

A World-Wide Invitation

THE following groups were invited to this Bolshevik congress:

The Communist Party of Russia;
The Communist Parties of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Poland, Esthonia, Lithuania, Finland, Holland, etc.

The Social Democratic Party of Bulgaria, Roumania and Norway;

The Socialist Party of Italy and Great Britain;

The Socialist Party of the United States;

The Left Wing of the Socialist

Party of the United States, Spain and Portugal;

The Left Wing of the Social Democratic Party of Serbia, Switzerland and Sweden;

The Revolutionary groups of Socialists and Syndicalists of France;

The Revolutionary group of Denmark;

The Revolutionary group of the Labor Party of Belgium;

The Industrial Workers of the World of England, Australia and the United States;

The Young People's International Socialist League, and other radical and revolutionary groups;

From this it can readily be seen that the Socialists, Soviets, Bolsheviks, Syndicalists, Left Wingers and Revolutionary groups of all countries are believers in and supporters of Communism.

At this congress the Communist International was organized, and soon thereafter a call was issued for the organizing of the Communist parties throughout the world to be part and parcel of the Communist International, with headquarters at Moscow.

A Change of Names

IN September, 1919, the "Communist Party" of the United States was organized in a convention held in Chicago.

In 1921 it changed its name to the "Workers Party of America" so as to deceive the wage earners, but this did not work as they expected.

In 1925 they again changed their name to the "Workers (Communist) Party of America," and at a convention held in March, 1928, they came out openly as the "Communist Party of the United States of America," a section of the Communist International.

The Communist Party of America has a great many subsidiary branches, through which it functions and collects funds. Here are some of them:

The Workers Party, the Labor Defense Council, International Labor Defense, National Council for the Protection of Foreign-born Workers, Workers International Relief, Friends of the Soviet Union, United Workers Co-operative Association, Russian Mutual Aid Society, the International Workers Aid, the United Front, the Young Pioneers of America (children of grade school age), the Young Communist League (children over grade school age), the American Negro Labor Congress, the Trade Union Educational League, which has been changed at a convention held in Cleveland, O., on August 31, 1929, to the Trade Union Unity League.

The Trade Union Educational League is now a thing of the past.

In its time it was the North American Section of the Red International. It was organized in February, 1922, by William Z. Foster, President of the Executive Committee of the Workers Party and was controlled by that party. It proposed to use the American Labor unions as agencies for the Revolution in America. The Trade Union Unity League now takes its place without any change as to objects and purposes.

Through these different branches the Communists got hundreds of thousands of dollars out of the workers to carry on the world Revolution.

Not Ballots, but Bullets

IN days gone by the Socialists claimed that all wrongs and injustices in society could be rectified "by the ballot," but evidently that was a sop to satisfy their opponents, for now the Communists, with whom they are affiliated, say that the remedy is "by the bullet."

At a meeting of the Socialists held in Chicago on November 18, 1918, Victor Berger, Socialist leader and member of Congress from Milwaukee, elected on the Socialist ticket, said that he was a Bolshevik and that whoever professed Socialism and was not a Bolshevik was not a Socialist.

Most of the Socialist newspapers in the United States sympathize with the Bolsheviks. Prominent speakers and writers of the Socialist party defended the Big Idea of the Bolsheviks. Many of the so-called Pacifists are now Bolsheviks, and yet Bolshevism denies democracy, proclaims a dictatorship, favors violence and revolution, has no use whatever for religion and would destroy every form of government in the world and establish Communism.

Russia can do as Russia pleases in Russia, but Russia cannot do as Russia pleases in the United States.

To those who say: "Don't take any notice of the Communists, they amount to nothing, they cannot do any harm," I want to point out that they are slowly gaining ground and gradually winning supporters to their cause. During the last few years the unemployment situation has been their great feeder. They harped on this subject continually, calling attention to the fact that it was brought about by the capitalist class for the sole protection of that class and to subdue the working class.

In 1927-1928 Europe had more than 11,582,000 Communists; Asia, 2,805,000; Africa, 4,000, and the Commission appointed by the United States Senate to investigate Communist activities in our own country show we have 600,000 Communists in our midst. We have no figures covering Canada, Mexico and the South Amer-

ican Republics or Australia, but we know the Communists have been very active in all these countries.

The Foremost Task

It seems that the trade union movement as represented by the American Federation of Labor has been selected by the Communists as the instrument through which the Communists may gain control of America.

On August 14, 1925, *The Daily Worker*—the official organ of the Workers Party of America—published a letter from the Executive Committee of the Communist International, addressed to the Party, in which it is stated: "It is of extreme importance to the life and growth of the Workers Party that its members as a whole realize better the necessity of more intensive work in the Labor Unions. The capture of leadership of the Labor Union masses is vitally necessary not only for the Workers Party at the present time, but also for the ultimate victory of the Revolutionary struggle. The capture of the Labor Unions is our first and foremost task."

For this purpose the Workers Party advocates:

1. That every Communist be a Union member.
2. To organize a Communist faction in every Union.
3. To expose the officials of every Union.
4. To make fights in elections for officers of Unions and delegates to conventions.
5. At all conventions to introduce systematic and well prepared campaigns against officers.
6. To resist expulsion from the Unions.
7. To arouse the masses to take up strikes and wage movements and then skillfully utilize such movements for political ends.
8. To secure the affiliation of the Industrial Workers of the World with the Red International.
9. To promote general discontent and hatred in contempt for the existing order of things, especially among the foreign-born.

A Communist elected or appointed to any official position in a Union is under strict control of the Communist organization and the immediate instructions of the party faction of his union.

Every person before being admitted to organizations affiliated with the American Federation of Labor is assured that his religious belief, his political opinions and his personal family affairs will not be interfered with in any manner, shape or form, and it is with this assurance that he becomes a member. When Communists come in under subterfuge and

try to win over the members to their beliefs and philosophy, they violate this assurance; but what do they care so long as they gain their ends?

At the 45th annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, held in Atlantic City in October, 1925, a resolution was introduced declaring in favor of the recognition of Soviet Russia and that the United States establish full diplomatic and commercial relations with that country. After full consideration of the matter the resolution was non-concurred in by an overwhelming vote for the following reasons:

The Federation's Stand

1. The American Federation of Labor stands unequivocally for democracy, for the right of the people to rule themselves and to control their own destinies through political machinery of their own making.

2. The American Federation of Labor opposes with all the fervor of a high idealism every kind of autocracy, bureaucracy or dictatorship, whether brutal or benevolent.

3. The American Federation of Labor is emphatically opposed to revolution and to the teaching of revolution by violence wherever democracy exists and where the people have the power to modify or change their government through the use of constitutional means.

4. The American Federation of Labor denounces the whole Communist philosophy and dogma and the whole dictatorship in that unhappy and oppressed country.

5. The American Federation of Labor declares its hostility not merely in a defensive manner, but in a vital and aggressive manner.

6. The American Federation of Labor urges the Government of the United States to maintain the position it has taken in favor of non-recognition of the Soviet régime.

7. The American Federation of Labor will not barter its honor or its faith in democracy in that manner, and it will oppose with all its might any governmental attempt in that direction.

8. The American Federation of Labor will continue its opposition against all forms of Communist agitation in the United States and in the Western Hemisphere.

9. The American Federation of Labor is democratic in faith and structure, and it can never be otherwise. Democracy and autocracy can make no compromise. To compromise with this enemy is inevitably to the advantage of the enemy.

10. The American Federation of Labor proposes, in the future as in the past, to use every honorable method to protect its own integrity against the corrupting, disintegrat-

ing, devastating preachings of Communism and to protect in like vigorous manner every democratic institution in our Republic.

At the 46th annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, held in Detroit in October, 1926, a resolution was introduced advocating recognition of Soviet Russia. When the vote was taken, after a lengthy and animated debate, not one vote was cast in its favor; the delegates introducing it did not vote for it.

Within the last few years it became necessary for the unions affiliated with the American Federation to resort to drastic measures in dealing with the Communists and to expel them irrespective of what the consequences might be. The Miners, Machinists, Carpenters, Fur Workers, Garment Workers and other Unions expelled them wholesale.

Communism Anti-God

THE Senate Committee appointed to investigate Communistic activities in the United States says in its report, just off the press: "If it were not for the fact that the American Federation of Labor refused to compromise with the Communists in the United States, who had been trying to bore from within in order to gain control of the Labor Unions, Communism would be a serious threat to American Industry. Great credit should be given to the American Federation of Labor for combating and exposing the aims of the Communists to undermine our Republican form of government and destroy our industries." The report further says that "all Communists are Atheists and must be anti-religious. The Communist Party and the Soviet Government of Russia have done everything in their power since 1917 to mock, destroy and outlaw religion."

As already stated, *The Daily Worker* is the official organ of the Communist Party of the United States. I have before me the issue of June 8, 1931. It carries a caricature of Pope Plus XI carrying the bones of the Saints approaching a window of a steamship office and saying: "If the anti-Catholic move in Italy continues, reserve a ticket for me to the United States. Raskob and Al Smith will give me a job as elevator starter in the Empire Building." They are as irreligious in America as they are in Russia.

The Communists have no right to represent themselves as "the workers." They are not the workers. They do not represent Labor either organized or unorganized. Some small groups may recognize them, but one thing is certain—they will never be recognized by the American Federation of Labor.

THE GREEN PASTURES

By R. Shrady Post



A scene in Pharaoh's Court previous to the arrival of Moses and Aaron

SOMEONE has said that all bad Americans go to Chicago when they die; hence, perhaps, we may infer that all good ones, granted they have any choice in the matter, go South. Even the Semitic gentleman, pounding out popular songs in a grubby office just West of Broadway, has caught something of this tendency to localize the national heart, and is perpetually admonishing the homesick, regardless of their original habitat, to wend their erring footsteps thither.

You cannot understand America unless you know something of the South; and you cannot know the South unless you understand something of the Negro, for it is the black Mammy who is really responsible for the shy friendliness, the gentle courtesy, the lovely mysticism of the little white boys and girls who grow up under her care.



Marc Connelly, Author

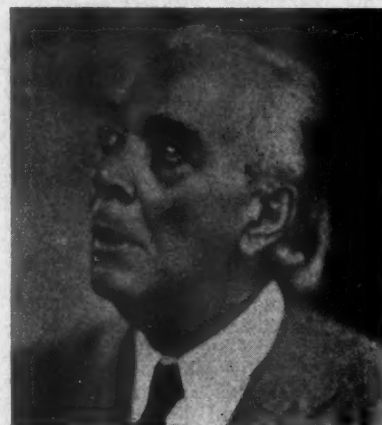
The oversight on the part of my otherwise estimable parents, which prevented me from being born in the South, was partly mitigated by the amply proportioned Mammy who came to rule over our nursery. Aside from her red bandanna and her gold ear-rings, her great fascination lay in the tradition that she was the daughter of a very gorgeous and very black African king. We were convinced that nothing but generations of the purple robe, the homage of prostrate natives and a possible diet of evangelical missionaries, could account for her supreme dignity or the proud lift of her white-haired head.

AFTER the manner of children, we loved and feared her alternately. There were moments, when in her simple piety, we were sure that she walked with the Lord, and others when we were equally positive that she consorted with the devil, beliefs colored possibly by our own state of grace at the moment.

Like most of the children of our generation, a large part of our religious training was left to the direction of this devout old woman, whose interpretation, to put it mildly, was original. It was made up of a curious combination of religion and morals calculated to make us conform to the more rigid demands of an unsympathetic adult society, which, in spite of the most energetic opposition on the part of the minority, insisted upon clean ears and clean pinafors. At frequent intervals we were duly reminded of the story of Elisha and the bears and the dire punishment that lay in store for the disrespectful young. Also, our heads were filled, at

an early age, with a wealth of superstitious nonsense rather fully clothed in the gayest imagery and brightest colors.

In addition to the more conventional rules of polite behavior, an elaborate system of taboos gave our lives variety. Black cats bring bad luck, white horses accompany wishes. Children may not sleep in the moonlight, and the whites of eyes roll upward if someone crosses in front of your shadow. A dog trees a cat and gives audible vent to his emotions, and the most awful of calamities will befall your household. If forks fall, the preacher is coming to dinner, if knives, relations will shortly descend upon you unawares. We, who are privileged to live among the colored people, are apt to forget that it is barely two hundred years since the first slave-ship with its cargo of suffering humans set sail from Africa.



Richard B. Harrison, "De Lawd"

But the Negro does not forget,
'the congo creeping through the
black,

Cutting through the Jungle with
a golden track . . .

like a thread of destiny, his savage
heritage returns to taunt him with
its leering presence.

Fearfully it whispers in the out-
lying cabins at dusk when the owl
hoots or the tree-toad moaningly
predicts rain. In the daytime, it is
more or less hidden, but after the
sun goes down and the smell of
dampness rises from the swamp, it
sidles up behind and whispers in his
ear, "I am your shamen and your
witch doctors, the charms you mutter
on moonless nights, the rabbit's feet
you carry to bring you luck. You
thought that you had left me behind
in Africa, but I came in the toothless
cackle of your old men, the sinister
mouthings of your old women. I am
your black magic and your voodoo.

"Beware, beware,
Walk with care,
Or Mumbo-Jumbo, the god of the
Congo,
And all the other
Gods of the Congo,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoodoo you . . ."

—Vachel Lindsay.

It follows that, with such a back-
ground, the religion of the Negro
must be a very vital thing if it would
cope with these forces struggling to
smother his simple soul. Something
of the spiritual travail, the reaching
up for Light, has crept into the
pathos of the Negro spirituals.

At night we were, each in turn,
rocked to sleep to the soft C mi-
nors, the peculiar half-tones and
quarter-tones of these American
folk-songs. Sometimes we "walked
in Jerusalem jest like John," or were
urged to "come to the Manger in
Bethlehem, never mind the frost and
snow," but always we fell to sleep to
the dying notes of that best beloved
of all dark melodies, "Swing Low
Sweet Chariot comin' for to Carry Me
Home . . ."

We were brought up on Joseph and
his coat of many colors, on Brother
Noah and the fascinating inhabi-
tants of his wonderful Ark, all prop-
erly impersonated on rainy days in
uproarious antics in the attic. A
moth-eaten tiger skin, with a slight
stretch of the imagination, made
Daniel feel the seriousness of the
occasion; and Shadrach, Meshach,
and Abednego, quite devoid of those
external superficialities which civil-

ization demands, were found shiver-
ing in the drinking-water tank,
while Nebuchadnezzar "in fury and
wrath" commanded them to make
their teeth stop chattering, for
"didn't they know that they were
supposed to be burning up in the
fiery furnace?"

Yet there were great heights and
depths of mysticism too, and even
now the fragrance of rain-drenched
pansies brings back the memory of
the little child who sobbed for hours
after hearing the story of Our Lord's
Crucifixion.

What a childhood to look back
upon! We never quite forget

"Those first recollections

Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our
day,

Are yet the master light of all our
seeing . . ."

and we long to re-live them again.

It was this, then, that made me
catch my breath when the curtain
went up on "Green Pastures," for
there before my delighted eyes, in a
setting vaguely reminiscent of our
garret days, sat a grave old black
minister telling a class of small and
wiggly pickaninnies a Bible story in

When the Lord
created the earth
as a draining
place, and after-
wards decided to
people it, He
called on the An-
gel Gabriel to
carry on during
His stay on
earth.

Gabriel insisted on perfect
behavior from the angels



The Angel-Charwomen in charge of the Lord's office. During His absence they would discuss the latest scandals in which the earth was involved.



exactly the same voice and the same words of my childhood Mammy. The voice was saying:

"Well, nobody knows exactly what God looks like. But when I was a little boy, I used to think that he

looked like the Rev. Dubois. He was de finest looking ol' man I ever knew. I used to bet de Lawd looked exactly like Mr. Dubois in the days when he walked de earth like a natural man."

"When was dat, Mr. Deshee?"

"Why when He was busy gettin' things started down heah. When He talked to Adam and Eve and Noah and Moses and all dem. He made mighty men in dem days. But aldo they was mighty dey always knew dat He was de mightiest of dem all. . . . In de beginnin' God created de heaven and de earth. An' de earth was without form and void. An' de darkness was upon de face of de deep" and the lights go up on the Negro's conception of heaven and the first scene in Marc Connelly's play.

THE author has described this play as a fable, but it is not a fable. It is a miracle play. As such it is given in the deepest humility by a colored cast, and as such it is received by a white audience who bring to it, instead of applause, that most perfect of all tributes,—reverent silence.

For me at least, it was to sit again at the feet of my Mammy and hear once more the beautiful Old Testament stories with something of the faith and heart of a child. All the old favorites were there. There was the supremely moving Creation, when a young and fearless Adam, in the simple working clothes of a farm hand, looks out for the first time in hushed wonder at the earth which God has made. Something of the thrill of that first morning steals out over the audience when Eve, in her fresh gingham dress, is told "to take care of dis man" and Adam, "to take care of dis woman." The critic of *The Herald Tribune* of New York has caught something of this spirit when he writes: "It is strange and impres-



Noah before he goes into the Ark. Mr. Desher, the Sunday School teacher. Mrs. Noah.

sive how much of the supernatural burden of the story—the real spiritual hunger and steadfast faith of these groping souls—is carried over the footlights by the simplest and most unaffected means."

Cain and Abel, and all the descendants of Cain, who cause so much sorrow to the Lord, walk out across the stage, and Noah and a Mrs. Noah, every bit as funny as their prototype in the ancient Townley play, occupy a good half hour.

The scene in Pharaoh's court is a thing to remember, ushered in as it is by a chorus of Negro voices singing, "Go down Moses, way down in Egypt land. Tell ol' Pharaoh to let my people go."

All the pathos of a race has gone into that song, and the scene which follows is worthy of it. The plagues of Egypt following in rapid succession end with the most terrible of all, when Aaron lifts his rod and even the great Pharaoh cries out in the darkness,

"O my son, my fine son."

UNDOUBTEDLY the most remarkable thing about this play is the reverence and restraint with which the "mystery of godliness," the Incarnation, is represented:

GABRIEL: You look awful pensive, Lawd. You been sitting yere, lookin' dis way, an awful long time. Is it somethin' serious Lawd?

GOD: Very serious, Gabriel.

GABRIEL (*awed by his tone*): Lawd, is de time comin' for me to blow?

GOD: Not yet, Gabriel. I'm just thinkin'.

GABRIEL: What about, Lawd? (*Puts up hand and the singing stops*).

During the heavenly fish-fry a little Cherub swallows a bone and is severely scolded for her carelessness.



GOD: About somethin' de boy tol' me. Somethin' about Hosea and himself. How dey foun' somethin'.

GABRIEL: What, Lawd?

GOD: Mercy. (*A pause*). Through sufferin' he said.

GABRIEL: Yes, Lawd.

GOD: I'm trying to find it too. It's awful impo'tant. It's awful impo'tant to all de people on my earth. Did he mean that even God must suffer? (*God continues to look over the au-*



Hezdrel, the leader of the Hebrews against the Phillistines. Adam and Eve. Cain, the murderer.

dience for a moment and then a look of surprise comes into His face. He sighs. In the distance a Voice cries.)

THE VOICE: Oh, look at Him; Oh, look dey is goin' to make Him carry it up dat high hill! Dey is goin' to nail Him to it! Oh dat's a terrible burden for one Man to carry.

(God rises and murmurs, "Yes," as if in recognition) and the curtain falls on a hushed and silent house.

How has this wonderful thing been achieved in a modern theatre in the most modern of Babylons? First by the obvious genius of the playwright and the artistic treatment of the stage director, Mr. Robert Edmund Jones, and finally by the perfect casting of the principal part. How Mr. Jones has translated Mr. Connelly's thoughts into costumes and cast is cleverly told in the introduction of the play. I am indebted to Mr. Desmond MacCarthy for this paragraph which he quotes in a recent review in *The Sunday Times*, for I was unable to procure a copy of the book itself, which is explained by the fact that you cannot approach any group of book-lovers without immediately being asked if you have read this play. It reads:

"Mr. Jones's fancy transported him to a small town where he became a leader in church activities. He borrowed what scenery the manager of the local opera house would lend; the cutwood wings and cutwood borders. Then, thrown back on his own resources, he designed a simple two-dimensional setting with

which to indicate heaven, the Garden of Eden, and other backgrounds of the play. Some of the costumes were also borrowed by Deacon Jones. The ermine cloak of the King of Babylon had originally proclaimed the regality of another king at a Mardi Gras. A neighbor loaned a Confederate uniform which would give a military touch to Pharaoh's court. Costumes for a fireman and a Scotsman, also happily available, were placed in the same scene because they agreed so pleasantly with the red cloaks of the courtiers. Of course, the majority of the costumes were made by the ladies of the congregation from designs the Deacon gave them. As a result, when the now thoroughly oriented actors came to the dress rehearsal, they found the garments and the scenery exactly those which an artistic fellow-member of the church might have been expected to provide. And as Deacon Jones was also Robert Edmund Jones, they all had great beauty."

BUT when it came to the casting of the principal role, the storm broke. For Mr. Richard Harrison is a Negro, and the idea of a colored God is more than the minds of the orthodox can grasp.

Now Mr. Connelly, with that uneasy foreboding which warns unconventional mystics that they may meet with opposition from a correctly pious world, took the precaution of seeking advice. He hunted up a friend and took him to the play. If

Mr. Connelly knew Negroes by intuition and sympathy, as well as by a few other things, Herbert Shipman knew them by first-hand knowledge, with a goodly supply of the other things thrown in as well. Moreover, he was a Southerner himself and a man of the rarest personal charm and distinction. Second only to his natural sense of reverence and beauty, was his love of the black man, and he had an uncanny gift, in his function of Episcopalian bishop, in settling those difficulties with which even the African constituency of that communion find her "so sore oppressed by schisms rent asunder by heresies distressed."

IT was to Bishop Shipman then, that Mr. Connelly brought his play, and he was told, what those of us who have been fortunate enough to have seen the play have discovered, that, with the right man playing the leading part, it would be the greatest religious drama of the century. Also Bishop Shipman knew just the man, though it took a terrific amount of persuading to get him to leave the little Negro college where he taught literature. He said that if the play failed, he would lose the respect of his pupils and that he could not go back to them, he liked his work and had never done much acting, except in amateur performances; no, the money did not interest him. It took the combined effort of Bishop Shipman and Mr. Connelly and the prayers and entreaties of Mr. Jones to



Unmindful of the scoffers, Noah proceeds with the preparation of his Ark on the hilltop.

get him to come, this grave, dignified elderly man, who would rather read Lawrence Dunbar's poems in a primitive class-room than experience the excitement of life on a New York stage. And he has made the play, nor are the 'sentiments of religious reverence' of the theatre-going public jarred by his appearance as God. As a matter of fact, I was so carried away by Mr. Harrison's acting, that I could not tell when I had left the theatre whether his skin was black or white. The only thing I was sure about, and there couldn't be the

slightest doubt about that, was the color of his soul.

Isn't the good God greater than any attributes with which His children see fit to clothe Him? It seems perfectly reverent and congruous that the Negro should picture Him with those characteristics of race with which he is the most accustomed. As Mr. Connelly so wisely says, "The Lord may look like the Rev. Dubois, as our Sunday school teacher suggests, or he may resemble another believer's grandfather. In any event, His face will be familiar

to the one who has come for his reward." Is there anything so dreadfully shocking about this?

We have many vices, real and imagined, laid at our door, but irreverence is one of the things Catholics are seldom accused of, in fact we are generally blamed for being over sensitive where our religious sensibilities are concerned, yet this play has met with the unqualified approval of the Catholic Archbishop of New York, His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, who took the whole theatre for his annual theatre-party this year.

THE CONNECTICUT COMPLEX

BLUE LAWS! Why Blue? Why not pink or red or green or canary color? At first I thought it was because the very reading of these laws made one feel "blue." But not so. The wise ones tell us they were christened blue for the simple reason that they were printed on blue paper.

These blue prints from would-be architects of the lives of their fellows are known as "The Connecticut Blue Laws." Here they are; you'll think them unbelievable:

"The governor and magistrates convened in general assembly are the supreme power under God of the independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made."

"No man shall court a maid and have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion."

"Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion and that Jesus is the only king."

"No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing of magistrates or any officer."

"No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic."

"No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but authorized clergymen."

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day."

"The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday."

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace above one shilling per yard, shall be presented by the Grand Jurors, and the Selectman shall tax the estate lbs. 300."

"Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of lbs. 5."

"No one shall eat mince pies,

By
Valentine Hill

dance, play cards or play any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet or jewsharp."

"No Gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The Magistrate may join them, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's church."

"When parents refuse their children convenient marriage, the Magistrate shall determine the point."

"A man who strikes his wife shall be fined lbs. 10."

"A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs."

"No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without obtaining the consent of her parents; lbs. 5 penalty for the first offense, lbs. 10 for the second, and for the third imprisonment during the pleasure of the court."

A GLANCE at these laws would show at once that the people who framed them were small minded, intolerant of others and decidedly unnatural. "How did they get that way?" asks the fellow on the street.

Puritanism is the answer. This was the name given to the movement for greater strictness of life and worship which grew up in the Church of England in the 16th Century. The Puritans thought that the so-called Reformation hadn't gone far enough; the Established Church still maintained many Catholic traditions. Altars and Communion rails, images and crucifixes, stained glass windows—all these must go; and worship must be purified from "all taint of popery."

These Puritans took their theology from John Calvin. His fundamental doctrine was Predestination—the whole human race was doomed to

perdition, except as God might "elect" a few persons to be saved. There were two important features in Calvin's ecclesiastical system. One was the setting up of councils called synods and presbyteries instead of bishops and archbishops; the other was a rigid supervision by the church over manners and morals. God was to them a stern Judge and not a loving Father and anything that was natural or smacked of the creature was taboo.

To avoid persecution the Puritans fled to America in the Mayflower. They had no trouble gaining entrance to the country as the immigration laws were not as strict as they are today. Here they set up their ideas and here they ruled as despotically as when their followers beheaded King Charles and under Oliver Cromwell established a Commonwealth that ruled England for a brief time. With this background we can readily understand their inveighing against the dance, card-playing or even eating mince pies.

What we want to point out is this: The descendants of the Puritans are still in our midst and the parallel between the Puritan Blue Laws régime and present "reformers" is very striking. Convinced that laws can change human ways, they are at work adding new enactments to our statutes. This does not mean the exclusion of liquor merely—it takes in things like the following:

Abolition of tobacco.

No Sunday sports.

No Sunday entertainments.

No Sunday opening of any kind of stores.

No Sunday motion pictures.

Restriction of Sunday travel.

Censorship of publications.

Nonsense, you say. They can never do it. Well, that's what you said a few years ago about the prohibition of liquor. Watch out!

ONE PARTNER:

No. 2 in The Canon Law of Marriage

No Divorce

By

Adrian Lynch, C. P.

What are the properties of marriage?

The essential properties of the contract of marriage are unity and indissolubility, to which the sacrament gives a special firmness in Christian marriage. (Canon 1013.)

What are unity and indissolubility?

Unity means that marriage can take place only between one man and one woman. Indissolubility means that this monogamous union must last till death.

Are these properties inherent in every marriage or only in the marriages of Christians?

Unity and indissolubility are inherent in every true marriage, no matter between whom contracted.

Are unity and indissolubility demanded by the natural law or only by the positive law of God?

They are demanded by both the natural law and by the positive law of God.

What is the natural law?

According to St. Thomas, the natural law is a participation of the eternal law of God in a human being. In other words, the natural law is a necessary and Divine order, manifested by the natural light of reason, which commands a human being to observe right reason in all his actions and forbids him to violate right reason. The natural law is expressed in the principle: Good must be done and evil avoided.

What is the positive law of God?

The positive law of God is the eternal order of things expressed in words, or in some sensible way, as the Ten Commandments in the Old Testament and the precepts of Christ in the New Testament.

What proof is there that unity and indissolubility are demanded by the natural law?

The first marriage ever contracted is the type of all true and perfect marriages. When Adam and Eve were married by God, Adam by Divine inspiration said, "This now is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. Wherefore a man shall leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh." (Gen. 2:23-24.) These

words indicate that marriage is a perpetual and exclusive union between one man and one woman by virtue of the natural law.

What proof is there that unity and indissolubility are demanded by the positive law of God?

The positive law of God is revealed to us by Christ. In answer to the question proposed by the Pharisees, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" He answered: "Have ye not read that He Who made man from the beginning made them male and female?" And He said, "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they two shall be in one flesh. Therefore now they are not two, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder." (Matt. 19:3-6.) Christ's use of the very words of Adam prove that they were spoken in the first instance by Divine inspiration and that they refer to every true marriage.

If divorce and polygamy are forbidden by the natural law, how explain the fact that the Patriarchs had more than one wife and that the Jews were allowed to divorce their wives and marry again?

The unity of marriage was mitigated by God in favor of the Patriarchs after the deluge in order to increase the population. God can dispense in those provisions of the natural law which are not essentially evil. Moses permitted the Jews to give a bill of divorce to their wives "because of the hardness of their hearts," as Christ replied to the Pharisees. But He pointed out that this was a concession and contrary to the original institution of marriage, for "from the beginning it was not so." Both concessions were explicitly revoked by Christ.

Has the Church ever granted a divorce?

The Church has never granted a divorce over a ratified and consummated marriage. She teaches that a marriage contracted and consummated between two Christians "can-

not be dissolved by any human power and for no cause save death." (Canon 1118.)

Does not Christ allow divorce for fornication? (Matt. 19:9.)

Christ did not make fornication, or marital infidelity, a cause of complete divorce, but only of separation. For in the text referred to He says that a man putting away his wife for fornication and marrying another "committeth adultery," and he that shall marry her that is put away "committeth adultery." Where would the crime of adultery come in were the separated parties not man and wife?

Do not the Protestants teach that this text of St. Matthew allows complete divorce?

Many Protestants hold that this text sanctions complete divorce. But they are in error, for Christ says that the husband who would marry again committeth adultery, and he that shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery. Moreover, the other Evangelists, St. Mark (10:11) and St. Luke (16:18) together with St. Paul (I Cor. 7:10-11) make no mention of any exception, but all three say that separated married partners must not marry again; otherwise they would be guilty of adultery. The evidence of the two Evangelists, with St. Paul, together with the constant practice of the Catholic Church, ought to clarify any doubt about the text of St. Matthew.

Are there any exceptions to the prohibition of divorce?

Yes, there are two exceptions; the first with relation to a marriage entered into between infidels; the second with relation to an unconsummated marriage between Christians.

Please explain?

The first exception is called the Pauline Privilege. The Pauline Privilege concerns the dissolution of the bond of marriage contracted between two unbaptized persons, one of whom is converted to the Christian Faith, while the other party refuses to be converted and baptized, or at least refuses to live in peace with the converted party. In such instances the convert is free to marry a Christian, and at the moment of the second

marriage the bond of the first marriage is completely dissolved.

Why is this called the Pauline Privilege?

The privilege is called Pauline because it was announced by St. Paul in these words: "If any brother hath a wife that believeth not, and she consent to dwell with him, let him not put her away. And if any woman hath a husband that believeth not, and he consent to dwell with her, let her not put away her husband. For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the believing wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the believing husband, otherwise your children should be unclean, but now they are holy. *But if the unbeliever depart let him depart. For a brother or a sister is not under servitude in such cases.* But God hath called us in peace." (I Cor. 7:12-15) (Canon 1120.)

What is the second exception to indissolubility?

The second exception to indissolubility is in relation to a *ratified but unconsummated* marriage between Christians. The Church teaches that a merely ratified marriage can be dissolved by the taking of solemn vows in a Religious Order and also by dispensation of the Pope. (Canon 1119.)

What is a merely ratified marriage?

A merely ratified marriage is one contracted validly between two baptized persons, which has not yet been consummated. (Canon 1015.)

What is a ratified and consummated marriage?

A ratified and consummated marriage is one which has been validly contracted between two baptized persons and the parties thereto have exercised the marriage debt or, in other words, have become "one flesh." (Canon 1015.)

Is a merely ratified marriage a true marriage?

Yes, a merely ratified marriage is a true and valid marriage.

How, then, can the Pope dissolve a merely ratified marriage?

The power of the Pope to dissolve the bond of a merely ratified marriage is deduced from the fact that Popes have done so. Because of the promise of Christ to remain with His Church "even to the consummation of the world" and to preserve her from all doctrinal and moral error, we must conclude that the dissolution of a merely ratified Christian marriage by papal dispensation is according to the will of Christ.

What are the conditions necessary before a dispensation of the Pope can dissolve a merely ratified marriage?

First, it must be clearly established

that consummation has not taken place; second, there must be a grave reason for granting the dispensation.

Will you illustrate this?

Two baptized persons marry, and the man deserts the woman. He marries another woman before a civil magistrate. Before the Church he is the true partner of the first woman. It may be that before the State he is the true partner of the second woman. In such a case the first woman would be obliged to observe continence, whereas her husband is civilly married to another wife. If it can be proved that the first marriage was never consummated, the Pope can dissolve the bond of the first marriage, and as a result the first woman can enter another marriage.

Are the same conditions required for a dissolution of a merely ratified marriage by the profession of solemn vows?

Yes. First, it must be clearly established that there has been no consummation of the marriage; second, it is necessary to obtain the permission of the Holy See before a married person can enter the Religious State.

Why does the taking of solemn vows in a Religious Order dissolve a merely ratified marriage?

Because one who binds himself to the Religious State by the profession of solemn vows becomes in a sense spiritually dead. Before consummation, a ratified marriage is a spiritual union only, after consummation it becomes a bodily union as well. As physical death dissolves the bond of a consummated marriage, so the spiritual death of one who leaves the world in order to live unto God in the Religious State dissolves the bond of an unconsummated spiritual union.

Do not these exceptions destroy the purpose of indissolubility?

By no means. Exceptions always prove the rule. Otherwise they would not be exceptions. The dissolution of the bond of a merely ratified marriage by the profession of solemn vows and dispensation of the Pope is comparatively rare. Furthermore, the proper education and training of children is one of the strongest reasons for the permanence of marriage, but in the case of a merely ratified marriage there are no children.

Why is it that a merely ratified marriage between Christians can be dissolved, but a ratified and consummated marriage cannot?

Because it is Catholic doctrine that when Christ our Lord forbade man to put asunder what God had joined together He referred to those who had become one flesh: "therefore they are not two, but one flesh. What

therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." (Matt. 19:6.) Only a ratified and consummated marriage perfectly represents the union of Christ with His Church through His Incarnation. Christ's union with His Church is indissoluble, and so is the union of a Christian man and woman who have become one flesh. While the marriage of two Christians is valid by reason of the contract, their marriage does not attain its full perfection till they become one flesh.

What must be thought of civil divorce?

Civil divorce, in the sense that a civil tribunal declares the bond of a true marriage to be dissolved, and the parties free to marry again, is contrary both to the natural law and the positive law of God.

Are those who have been civilly divorced and have married again still husband and wife in the eyes of God?

The parties who have been civilly divorced are still husband and wife, provided their first marriage is a true marriage.

What is meant by a true marriage?

That the parties are really husband and wife.

Does the Catholic Church ever permit married people to separate?

Yes, for serious reasons the Church permits married persons to separate. She is not unreasonable in regard to the obligation of married people to live together. (Canon 1128.) She realizes that married life, can, unfortunately, become almost unendurable.

For what reasons will the Church allow separation?

The Church recognizes causes for temporary and perpetual separation.

What are the causes for temporary separation?

The causes for temporary separation are grave dangers to soul or body or good name, inflicted by one of the married partners. (Canon 1131.)

What are the causes of perpetual separation?

There is only one cause of perpetual separation, and that is adultery committed by one of the married partners. (Canon 1129.)

How is the permission to separate from the guilty partner obtained?

Ordinarily by having recourse to the bishop of the diocese. The Canon Law allows the innocent party to separate on his own authority if there is grave danger in delay, (Canon 1131.)

May a Catholic who has been permitted by the bishop to separate perpetually from his partner, also obtain a civil divorce?

With permission of the bishop it is

allowed the innocent partner to sue for a civil divorce, for the purpose of obtaining the protection of the State against the guilty party. This kind of divorce, it is obvious, does not dissolve the marriage bond. Neither party can marry again, while both are alive: "To them that are mar-

ried, not I, but the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from her husband. And if she depart that she remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband. And let not the husband put away his wife." (I Cor. 7:10:11.)

Does the invalidity of civil divorce

affect marriages between non-Catholics or only between Catholics?

A civil divorce has no effect on a true marriage, no matter between whom that marriage is contracted: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." (Matt. 19:6.)

SCARCELY had the Encyclical *Casti Conubii* (On Chaste Marriage) of Pius XI been published when Judge Lindsey, Mrs. Sanger and others rushed to the breach which The Holy Father's catapult made in the Birth Control citadel. How much time and thought were given to a thorough reading and study of this important document by these eugenical champions is, to say the least, questionable.

Their rejoinders, however, have received such wide publicity and at the same time are so saturated with subtle sophistries that it would seem rather imperative to briefly summarize and uncover them.

There have been two chief lines of attack.

In defense of birth control, many examples of man's "interference" with natural processes are cited, such as riding in automobiles and trains, shaving, wearing of eye-glasses, and the like. In throwing up such a smoke screen the Devil's Advocates argue that all such processes are sinful and intrinsically evil, and that an end to progress must result, if there is any sense to the Pontiff's decree that the act of birth control is against the natural law and is a grievous crime. Answers such as these, however apparently trivial, appeal nevertheless to the popular fancy and find only too quickly much applauding from indiscriminating minds.

A blunt and concise reply to all such examples is that they entail actions which are helps to natural acts and processes; they are unnatural in the sense of being man-made and artificial, but they are not in themselves artificial acts which are at the same time destructive.

Contraception is both artificial and destructive. Of its very nature, it not only interferes with but prevents and destroys the possibility of the natural act achieving its purpose. No one but an intellectual "boop-a-doop" could expect to convince intelligent people that shaving, carrying crutches, or wearing eye-glasses are anything but helps to natural processes and not positive hindrances frustrating their whole natural end.

The second line of attack swings to the opposite extreme and declares

LINDSEY, SANGER AND THE REST

By R. J. McWilliams

that since celibacy is the essence of birth control, the Pope, his brethren of the Hierarchy and the rest of the priesthood are, by professing and observing celibacy, violating the natural law and by the same token committing a heinous crime. This is clever. The great multitudes who read such arguments as these may well have been astounded and confused, yet in reality it reveals only the utmost stupidity and confusion on the part of the authors.

One wonders whether to question their intellectual honesty or any study whatsoever of the Encyclical—or both. Because, clearly, celibacy is not birth control in the sense of contraception, as the propagandists mean the term. It is birth control by voluntary self-denial and restraint. The Holy Father made the distinction clearly, and certainly self-denial and restraint are not sinful nor are they acts that positively and directly interfere with any specific act coming to the termination evidently intended by God.

IN both these lines of attack there has been deliberate or indeliberate confusion of terms and ideas; and the key for the solution lies precisely in perceiving this fallacy and making the proper distinction. Celibacy equals birth control by self-restraint, not by contraception. Birth control is unnatural, not because it is artificial but because it is destructive and frustrative of the obvious purpose of the marriage act. However, this is not the first time in history that ambiguity and deliberate play upon words, bolstered up by fanciful examples to suit, have been used to dupe the public.

So far, so good—or bad. These two lines of attack to my mind were the worst because the most subtle. To say that the Encyclical embodies doctrines and authorities of the

musty past unadapted to modern conditions; to make emotional appeals on the grounds of cruelty embodied in such teachings, etc.; are undoubtedly modes of attack that will strike root in much ready soil. But after all, there is nothing particularly new or up-to-date in these antics of the Eugenist. The Holy Father, himself, referred more than once to this; but the skeletons came forth from the closet nevertheless. In brief, they are all evasions of the issue. Modern or not modern, easy or difficult—the doctrines of the Encyclical embody the law of God or they do not.

AND there's the rub. Some of the more skillful side-steppers perceived that and said, "It's all a question of viewpoint." Well, when the Voice from the Vatican thundered round the world, sensitive men realized it was not the cry of an ignorant, antiquated, uninformed individual; quite the contrary.

Still more, that Voice was raised not in the tones of a debater or in the mode of one speaking on behalf of any small clique, party or sect; not like one arguing a debatable question or proposing a doctrine palatable and pleasing, to curry favor with his flock; but rather as the Voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Make straight the way of the Lord."

Undoubtedly many un-Catholic Catholics rebelled and made friends with the modern Herods in spirit and in practice; and secretly or openly warmed their hands in glee over the stupidly clever retorts. But there's nothing particularly new or modern in that either.

Will Pius' Encyclical then be ineffective and fall by the wayside or on stony ground, as the prophets already say? This "Hurrah" is a bit hasty, to say the least. Judging from the response from the Modernist camp, the shafts of The Holy Father have struck rather effectively.

Nor, if the exhortation to bishops and priests is heeded, will the Encyclical by any means be ineffective. But, effective or ineffective, the handwriting is on the wall in characters bold, clear-cut, unmistakable and ineradicable. Those who pass must read—and not heed, if they dare.

By
Hilaire
Belloc



CATHERINE of ARAGON

*The Second of Twelve Studies
of Outstanding Characters
in the English Reformation*

THE marriage of Henry VIII with Catherine of Aragon was, of course, at the root of Henry's divorce, just as the divorce in its turn was at the root of the English Reformation. Her age and character, the reactions of these upon Henry, her position in Europe and everything else connected with her, are of interest and moment to the understanding of the event.

Catherine of Aragon was the daughter of two very remarkable people: Isabella, who on the death of her brother became heiress to the Kingdom of Castile, and Ferdinand who had been from early youth the King of Aragon. All the Spanish independent sovereignties had spread southward from the Pyrenees in the reconquest of the country from the Moors, who had over-run it in the high tide of Mahommedan enthusiasm in the century after Mahommed's own lifetime. The chivalry of Christendom used to come volunteering year after year to join in the great struggle. They were rewarded by portions of the conquered lands and ultimately the whole of what we call today Spain and Portugal—that is, the whole of the Iberian Peninsula south of the Pyrenees—had been reconquered for Christendom, except the southern strip round about the Sierra Nevada near the sea, called Andalusia, with its capital at Granada.

The Prestige of Spain

ARAGON and Castile were the two main kingdoms of the Peninsula, and by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella all that land except Andalusia, which still remained to be reconquered, and Portugal (which had developed into an independent Christian Kingdom) were in one family. The marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella united Spain.

That marriage had taken place in 1469, and the Crowns were united after the Civil War in 1479. In 1492, the same year as that in which Co-

lumbus discovered America, but earlier in the year, the full conquest of the Peninsula was accomplished; the Mahommedan capital of Granada fell and the last shred of Mahommedan foothold in western Catholic Europe was destroyed. All this added greatly to the prestige of the now united Spanish Crown, and, of course, when it was appreciated what the discovery of America meant that prestige rose higher still. When it was a little later appreciated what an immense wealth would come to the Spanish Crown from their claims in the New World, it rose higher again.

The House of Aragon

HENCE, when Henry VII, with his base lineage and lack of claim—his haphazard acquirement of the English throne—arranged a marriage between his family and the Spanish Royal house, it was a very great thing indeed. There could be no comparison in the wealth or importance of the two.

Ferdinand and Isabella, "The House of Aragon," had a son who died before he could become King. They had also two daughters, Joan and Catherine. The latter was to become the wife of Henry VIII and Queen of England. Joan was of weak intellect and died probably quite deranged. She bears the nickname in history of "Joan the Mad." She was the elder and, therefore, able to transmit to her posterity the Kingdom of Spain. She was married into the highest family in Europe, the family of the Emperor.

The Emperor Maximilian, of the family of Hapsburg, having for private inherited domain the Archduchy of Austria and other lands adjoining, as well as what we now call Holland and Belgium and a great deal more in that district through a marriage with the heiress thereof, had a son, Philip, who would succeed his father in the sovereignty of all this great but scattered terri-

tory and probably—though not certainly—be elected Emperor after him. For a man became Emperor not by inheriting from his father but by election at the hands of the great magnates, lay and clerical, who governed principalities and dioceses among the Germanies; nor was he technically fully Emperor until he had been crowned by the Pope.

This office of Emperor was much the greatest in Europe, though it had no strong immediate political power, having no army of its own nor any revenue of its own, but depending upon the goodwill and support of the German Princes. However, in itself, to be Emperor was the greatest thing one could be; to marry the Emperor was the greatest marriage one could make. When, therefore, Joan of Aragon married Philip, this son of Maximilian, bringing with her the newly united Kingdom of Spain which her children would inherit as her brother was dead, there was united (in prospect) under the rule of one man, Philip of Hapsburg, The Empire, and in direct rule large territories: including the immensely wealthy Netherlands with their great mercantile towns, southern Italy, which was part of the Crown of Aragon; and all Spain, with that new wealth which, it was now seen, was going to pour in from beyond the Atlantic.

Charles: Emperor and King

IT was a marriage which looked as though it would put into one hand much the greatest part of power in Europe. The only great country standing outside the combination was France. England was still inferior in numbers and wealth; Scotland smaller still; Portugal also small, Italy divided into various principalities; the Christian Empire of the East had gone down before the Mahommedan; Russia did not exist. Hence it looked as though the family of Joan and Philip would overshadow all Christendom.

Philip died before his father Maximilian; and when Ferdinand of Aragon was dead and Isabella as well, the son of Philip and Joan, whose name was Charles, succeeded to his grandfather Maximilian. He, therefore, became Sovereign of Spain and the new discoveries in America, and of the Netherlands and German Burgundy, and Austria, and all the rest; and, what was more, he was elected to the Empire as his grandfather had been, becoming Emperor in 1519.

Catherine and Arthur

THE result of all this was that during Catherine's later years, when she was Queen of England and mother of the heiress of England, and later still when her husband was thinking of divorcing her, she was not only great politically, as the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, or as the wife of the King of England, but still more as the aunt, greatly revered and beloved, of Charles V, Emperor, and King of Spain, and far the greatest figure in Europe.

Catherine was born in December, 1485, the same year in which Henry VII had usurped the Crown of England by the lucky accident of the Battle of Bosworth. She was betrothed to the heir of this English King, bringing with her the promise of a large dowry. This young Prince was only fifteen years old, and, when he married Catherine, on November 14, 1501, she was not quite sixteen.

Here there are two things to be understood by a modern person to whom the conditions of that time are necessarily strange. First, Royal marriages of this sort between people who were still little more than children gave no scandal; they were a matter of course. Second, the question of a cash dowry was without question most important.

The reason for the first of these points was this: in the old united Christendom there were no wars of conquest properly so-called; Catholic morals did not admit the idea that any Christian prince was independent of the general scheme of Christian unity. He might put in a claim to a piece of territory, saying that he had a better right to its inheritance than the actual owners; he might fight to substantiate his claim, and no doubt his claim might be a flimsy one; but the modern idea of merely taking a thing by force from other Christians and then ratifying your theft by treaty occurred to no one.

The way in which States increased their powers or (as they would have put it) the way in which reigning families increased their powers, was by making marriages which would

bring them in either large sums of money or new territories from which further taxes could be gathered. Therefore purely political arrangements were made by which quite young people, sometimes infants, were betrothed; the betrothal was not valid in the eyes of the Church, of course, until it had been ratified by the young people after they had come to the proper age, but the two powers would hasten to have the marriage celebrated as soon as possible after the earliest canonical age allowed by the rules of the Church. Therefore young people of this rank were often married at such an age as saw the marriage of Catherine and Henry VII's heir, Prince Arthur. The marriage did not become a real marriage as a rule until somewhat later. All this must be borne in mind when we consider the case of Catherine of Aragon and Henry VIII's divorce from her.

This young Prince Arthur, younger even than his wife, died four and a half months after the marriage, on April 2, 1502; and young Catherine was left a nominal widow at the Court of her scheming father-in-law Henry VII, the Tudor King of England.

The next point to consider, for it was important, was the question of her dowry. Governments in those days did not spend, in proportion to the total national wealth anything like the amount which they spend today; often they spent less than one fiftieth of what a modern Government will spend. There were hardly any national services; there was no national army, only a small bodyguard round the King; no real national navy, only a few ships belonging to the King and not kept up as a regular force. Most of the administration of the country was local, paid for and looked after by local lords; the cost of the administration of justice more than paid for itself by fines and fees; there were no permanent national debts.

A Question of Money

AN England of some four million people had a total wealth perhaps one twentieth of the modern wealth of England, and cost the Government no more than could be normally provided by the private income of the King; though that often had to be supplemented by all manner of expedients in the way of forced loans and, in times of strain—such as wars—by summoning national assemblies and begging people to give by way of exception—and not to form a precedent—sums of money to meet the difficulty of the moment. There were no regular taxes beyond the dues which men paid to their lords and

which more or less generally resembled customary rents.

The consequence of such a state of affairs was that comparatively small sums of money could make a great difference to any reigning family. Put in terms of modern money the private income of the King of England and all that he could get from his own estates (he was much the richest man in his own Kingdom), from the waste lands and forests, and customs at the ports, and proceeds on the administration of justice, was not ten dollars a head of the population. Probably it was more like five dollars a head, if that—even in the case of an exceptionally business-like and grasping monarch. Therefore a large cash dowry paid over on marriage into a foreign Royal family made a big difference.

Married by Dispensation

NOW Ferdinand and Isabella promised such a large dowry with their daughter Catherine, but they could not pay it all at once. There was a debt owing, and this had two important consequences. In the first place it made Henry VII of England anxious, in spite of his son's death, to keep the money which he already had for the dowry and to keep his claim for the balance; in the second place it gave him a hold upon the Kingdom of Spain and made him secure in his alliance with that power.

Therefore, just after Prince Arthur was dead, a betrothal was arranged between young Catherine and Arthur's little brother Henry, now the heir to the throne, who was later, on his father's death, to become Henry VIII. A dispensation was required of course, because it was neither affirmed nor proved that the marriage between Catherine and Arthur had not been consummated. There was a good deal of debate, as we have seen in talking of Henry VIII, upon whether the Pope could give such a dispensation; that is, upon whether the prohibition against marrying a deceased brother's wife were a matter of Divine or of human law, since, of course, the Pope cannot dispense from Divine Law. However, the dispensation was obtained from Pope Julius II in 1504; and after Henry VII's death young Henry VIII, then a few weeks short of his eighteenth birthday, married Catherine. She was five and a half years his senior, but still quite young. They had been brought up together and Henry was delighted with, and determined on, the marriage.

In the interval between Arthur's death and her marriage with Henry, Catherine had had a very difficult time. She could not speak English,

her French was doubtful, her native Castilian was the only tongue in which she could think or express herself readily and she had but one close friend to remind her of home—a Confessor of the same nationality as herself, and she was told not to be too intimate with him. Her wretched father-in-law, Henry VII, had proposed at one moment to marry her himself, and even got the unfortunate child to write a letter saying that she was willing; but the indignant protest of her mother Isabella put an end to that project at once.

Her marriage with young Henry, therefore, was a relief; and, as he was at that moment, it was also a delight. She was very fond of him as he was of her. But she was unselfish, whereas he was already one of the most selfish young men alive. The difference in age, which had not yet affected Henry's feelings, gave her a yet stronger feeling of affection, a protective feeling for him, and he was greatly under her influence.

Queen Catherine's Character

IN person Catherine was short, broad and fair. Active enough in body, she had one very pleasing mark, which was a charming temper; she was friends with everybody and always smiling, universally popular and at the same time busy in all her employments as Queen. She was thoroughly liked by her subjects and by everyone about the young Court. She was pious, as for that matter was Henry too, after his fashion, but she was more rigid and austere in her Spanish piety.

She had one defect in the business of governing, which was a virtue in itself and would have been an advantage in any other position, though it was a disadvantage in the position of Queen. She was very simple. It went with being very direct and straight-forward; but she could not understand intrigue, she did not trouble to sound people's motives, she was rather too easily taken in. Over and over again during her life she acceded to proposals which would have been to her disadvantage and from which wiser and more corrupt people had to dissuade her. But she was industrious and looked well after any affair that she undertook, and her servants and dependents were devoted to her. She ruled her household well.

She acted as Regent while her young husband was away at the wars in France; she was responsible for the great victory of Flodden five years after her marriage. Had Henry continued to receive her influence throughout the remainder of his life it would have been well for both of

them, and especially would it have been well for England.

In active affairs all that Henry did, especially in foreign policy, was more and more managed by Wolsey, the great cleric and statesman who took over the government of the kingdom and whom Henry wholly followed. But Catherine did not clash with Wolsey; she quite understood how superior was his intelligence and energy and what great capacities he had for holding the helm of the State. The trouble between her and her husband which broke her heart and made of the whole of her life so great a tragedy came from two things:

First of all, it came from the wretched instability of Henry's character—sensual, capricious, unable to control appetite and abominably indifferent to the sufferings of others—spoilt in every way and spoilt, I am afraid, not a little by Catherine herself, who had made no effort to check him in spite of her affection.

Secondly, it came from her bad health, or at any rate her misfortunes in the matter of children. It is true that the King's own debauchery was responsible for her health later on, and I doubt whether it was responsible for it in the first years of the marriage. We have no direct proof, of course, one way or the other, but it seems unlikely from all that we know of his actions and appearance when Henry first married her that he was not then a healthy man. At any rate she had miscarriage after miscarriage, and still-born child after still-born child. Only one child survived; Princess Mary, born in February, 1516. There was no son and no other surviving issue when, five years later, it was known that Catherine could bear no more children. That was round about 1521-22.

Now here arises an important point. To what extent was Henry influenced in the abominable thing he did by the desire for an heir? Did his wronging of Catherine have any

excuse in his disappointment at having only a daughter to succeed him?

The white-washers of Henry and the defenders of the great tragedy of the Reformation have argued with all their weight on that side. They have pretended in different degrees of sincerity that Catherine's ill success in providing him with an heir is the root of the affair. No one who reads the contemporary documents of the time can believe that.

The root of the affair was Henry's miserable infatuation with Anne Boleyn. But the first duty of the historian is to be just; and we must allow a certain weight to Henry's desire for a male heir. These things cannot be put in exact proportion or percentages, but if one attempts to put it thus and give the disappointment at the lack of an heir from one fifth to one quarter of his motive, one may perhaps roughly represent the weight which it bore.

Falsehood and Hypocrisy

H^E was somewhat worried by not having a male heir because his throne was not too stable; his father had been a usurper and only captured the throne twenty-four years before his own accession. It was in its way important to leave a son to carry on the dynasty; on the other hand the greatest thrones in Europe were handed on through women—Spain itself was a splendid example—and the little Princess Mary was so popular with everyone and would have been so thoroughly supported that there was no real danger.

Put forward as the main excuse for the divorce, the pretence that the necessity for a male heir was the leading motive was falsehood and hypocrisy.

When it was clear that Catherine could bear no more children Henry gradually deserted her. He had several affairs; he took up with a woman whom he had known in boyhood—one Blount—and had a son by her whom he called the Duke of Richmond. He also took up with the daughter of a courtier and diplomat of his called Boleyn, a young lady of the name of Mary, and when he was tired of her he married her off to one of his other courtiers, with a portion which did no credit to his generosity.

He probably ceased to live with his wife as early as 1521, when he was no more than 30, and she, poor woman, still under 37. Even by his own admission (and he was a great liar) he ceased to live with her within the next three or four years.

It was about 1522 that he first noticed Anne Boleyn, the sister of Mary, probably with the object of making her his mistress. And it was probably about 1525 that they came

THUS far in this series Mr. Belloc has presented King Henry VIII and his Queen, Catherine of Aragon: In the October issue he will deal with the usurper, Anne Boleyn. She is a most interesting subject of study because, as she deliberately kept herself in the background, historians have been content to leave her there. But she was, as one might imagine, the chief agent of the Reformation. It is of the first importance if one is to understand that movement to know the part this intriguing woman played.

to some arrangement together to try and get rid of Catherine and conclude a marriage. The first document dealing with the divorce is dated 1526, when Catherine was 41 years old and Henry 35. The first open steps taken for obtaining the divorce were in the next year, 1527.

During all these half dozen years of strain and contumely, Catherine bore herself with admirable dignity and restraint—probably with too much restraint. She might have done better had she protested, for Henry still stood in some fear and respect of her, and though he was passionate and would have outbreaks when he was thwarted he was, like nearly all sensual men, subject to the control of stronger characters than himself.

Immovable and Silent

BUT Catherine made no attempt at any such control, though Anne Boleyn was one of her own Maids of Honor, closely attached to her train at Court. She neither made scenes, nor intrigued to recover her position. What she did do was to remain absolutely steadfast in her determination that her husband should never have it in his power, so far as she could prevent it, to call any other woman wife and Queen.

On that she was inflexible, and the very simplicity of her character lent her strength. As the shameful efforts against her legitimate position increased in violence, when Wolsey had lent himself to the plan, when all Europe was discussing it and was concerned with the fate of the Queen of England, she remained immovable and almost silent.

She depended, of course, almost entirely upon the advice of her nephew, the Emperor Charles V; his Ambassador was her chief Councillor; she did all by his advice. There, again, perhaps she was too docile or too humble. She might have attempted more on her own initiative, for it must be remembered that the Emperor had many political ends to serve; he needed Henry's help against the rivalry of France, and his Ambassador would often misjudge English affairs.

Her policy therefore may not always have been directed on the lines best calculated to succeed; but she had what is better than policy, a perfectly clear principle, and a rigid attachment to it has made her name stand as high as it can stand, from those days to our own.

What is more remarkable, she preserved the esteem and somewhat shamefaced regard of Henry. Even when he had refused to see her any more, probably because he was still afraid of her influence and did not like to look her in the face—when

he had announced that she was no longer to be called Queen, but only Princess Dowager; when he had had her divorced in spite of the Pope by Anne Boleyn's man Cranmer (who had been made Archbishop of Canterbury for that sole purpose) she remained exactly the same.

She claimed her full title, she refused to admit the right of the court to examine her marriage with Arthur, she equally maintained the right of her daughter to be heiress to England; and when Boleyn had the child Elizabeth, in September 1533—illegitimate in the eyes of all Europe and by all Christian law—the people of England steadfastly continued to regard Catherine as the legitimate Queen, and Princess Mary as the right inheritor of the throne.

She did not long survive the tragedies which had been imposed upon her, and which she had borne with such steadfast courage. She died in January 1536, too early to see the fall and disgrace of her rival, Anne Boleyn; and almost her last act was a letter still full of passionate love written to the King, who had not allowed her so much as to see him for now more than six years. It was then she wrote the famous phrase, "The desire of my eyes is to see you again." But the man had damned himself.

They buried her in Peterborough

Cathedral, not putting over her one of those great and splendid tombs of the Renaissance, such as all her high kindred had throughout the West, but a plain slab of black stone on which there was not even an inscription till modern times. One may meditate with some profit on that simple and ignominious piece of masonry, the poor tomb of so good a woman who stood at the origin of such great and disastrous things.

It was widely believed, and on good authority, that her rival had caused her to be poisoned. It is equally probable, perhaps more probable, that she died a natural death; for we know from the autopsy that there was a small growth upon her heart which may have been cancerous.

She died, as her daughter Mary was to die many years later, hearing Mass, the Mass that was said in her sickroom. She made the responses and received Holy Communion. And it is memorable, and typical of her Spanish rigidity and orthodoxy as well as of her training in Catholic things, that when her Chaplain and Confessor offered to say Mass for her before the Canonical hours lest she should die without it, she bade him wait until the regular time had come—and she lived on the few hours sufficient to enjoy the fruits of her patience.

ENCYCLICAL

(Over Station HVJ)

By Clifford J. Laube.

"SIMON," the Master said, "I bid thee keep
Thy vessel not so near these shallow frets
Of surf and shore. Launch out into the deep
And there let down thy nets."

Obedient the Fisherman updrew
The weedy drags. His boat with steady glide
Found deeper waters. There the brawny crew
Once more the tackle plied.

The nets closed in. Straightway the boat was brimmed
And gleaming with a scaly, silver hoard.
Simon, astonished, gasped. With eyes bedimmed
He trembled to his Lord.

Ages of surf on shore . . . And now again
The Fisherman is signaled from the shoals;
His new Genesareth a sea of men,
His prize immortal souls.

The Bark of Christ strains for the catch and sets
Forth from its mooring. Tide is at the neap.
Peter with strange, unseen, Marconian nets
Launches into the deep.

STARTING a NOVNAH in the SOUTH

By John Gibbons

NOW exactly where it all happened, not for worlds would I tell you. Because, though of course I cannot expect you to believe it, one very odd thing about my bit of a story is that it happens to be literally true.

And another odd point about it is that for a wonder instead of it having happened in Bosnia or Finland or Portugal or anywhere at all really exciting, its scene was nowhere more romantic than your own America. If you want to be a bit more precise, you may think of one of your southernmost States and of a small and rather shabby townlet a bit off the beaten track. In other words, then, it was all as perfectly ordinary and commonplace as possible, and even I, as I tumbled off the bus for a few hours' rest on my long way North, saw at a glance that this was the kind of place where nothing in the world ever happened and where it would be hopeless to look for any sort of story.

Two minutes earlier the bus had pulled up at what was obviously the townlet's one good hotel, and for a moment I had been on the point of automatically getting off there. Then, as it struck me that I always stopped at hotels, I thought I'd have a change, and as the Negro porters came running out with their eternal smile I ignored their offers. Let us go on to the bus terminus and see what happens. Then as a hundred yards from the station I saw gleaming under a street electric a shabby enamelled sign ROOMS, it struck me that dull as it all was here at least might be my chance. And on the minute I was scrambling up

the dirty and broken step of the second-rate lodging-house.

With the click of the torn-netted door there emerged into the bare-boarded hall-way a frowsy woman in a soiled wrapper and down-at-heels slippers.

"Yes," she said, there was a room, but—and it seemed to me that for a moment she hesitated. Then the next instant it was as though she had made up her mind, and I was gingerly following her up the flights of broken and carpetless stairs.

"Here," she pointed, and then as no light answered her click of the switch she grumblingly muttered something about looking for a new bulb.

NOW the story, I know, is so far beginning badly. A dirty rooming house in an uninteresting small town, and what more is there to it? Only there is a bit more, but before we go on to it you'd better try, please, to understand a little about me. That I am a foreigner in your country is obvious, and so I can't pretend to set down the talk and the accents properly and very likely I shall make other mistakes. But what I really wanted to say was that I am nearly fifty and a bit on the well-developed side—fattyish, rude people call it.

And I'm not a bit of an innocent either. Before now I've slept in the Commercial Street off the White-chapel of my own London, and I know besides the Schiedamshyde of Rotterdam and the quay-side quarter of Naples and the St. Pauli side of Hamburg. And in fact quite a lot of places that the man who writes stories for religious papers has

got no proper business to know. In short I'm not in the very least a high-brow or psychic or sensitive sort of person.

ONLY I give you my word that in the minute that I waited there alone before the dark of that door in that Southern rooming house, I felt somehow absolutely scared out of my wits. It was just as though some terror, monstrous and evil, was slowly percolating like a poison gas from the blackness of that unknown room. And, sweating in the fetid air, I had it in my mind to turn downstairs and bolt for the street.

Then as the slatternly woman returned with a bulb borrowed from some other room, I saw that it was all nonsense, for there was nothing at all in the place. Just a double bed with a rickety iron frame and a soiled mattress and a disreputable coverlet and beyond that not another stick of furnishing. Gaping boards in the dirty floor grinned up at me like broken teeth and from the crazy walls and ceiling shreds of paper and plaster hung forlornly down in obscene driblets. The single window was roughly covered with the dirty remnants of what looked like a man's shirt, and beyond that there was nothing at all. And any journalist in his sane senses would have said in an instant that he had made a mistake and would



have walked downstairs again and gone across to the inviting hotel.

ONLY common sanity isn't exactly my strong suit, and as I stood for a second staring at the slattern of a landlady, it suddenly occurred to me that there was something of a dumb appeal in the way that she was looking at me. Almost as if she was begging me on her knees just to be somehow different from the rest of the world and to take and pay for her crazy lodging. She was muttering about it not being quite in order, not quite as s-e would have wished it, and somehow it happened that in my hearty and extraordinarily foolish manner I was waving her excuses away.

"Madam," I remember that I called her, just as if being civil raised the general tone of things. And what did it matter, Madam, I asked? Just for this one night. Then a moment later, as her slippers slopped drearily down those dreadful stairs, I was wondering what on earth I had done it for and how it was that I came to be let out without a keeper.

There wasn't a lock, of course, but

if you tie your shoes together by their laces and then balance the result over your stick and prop it up against a door, you contrive a very passable booby-trap. Not that I was frightened of getting robbed or anything, because on these trips I've got nothing to be robbed of. But for all that, I was frightened. Desperately frightened, only I didn't know what of. It sounds so silly at nearly fifty, but it's true. I wasn't undressing, of course, not on that awful bed, but there I lay and sweated all night in my clothes, simply shivering of funk without knowing why. With the result that I finally went to sleep about six in the morning and didn't wake up again till perhaps eleven.

DOWNSTAIRS in daylight it didn't look so bad. Just a broken-down and tenth-rate rooming house, and broken-down and tenth-rate looking lodgers loafing dispiritedly round the hall-way on broken-down chairs. As I stared I wondered why in the world I'd been so frightened. There was one Negro-looking man I even tried to talk to. It looked like being warm, I told him genially. But he

never answered, just glowering at me in hostile silence. Another foreigner, he was, the slatternly woman told me in explanation, only he didn't understand much English, that one.

NOT a Negro, of course. No Negroes would be allowed in a good-class rooming house. And of course he was not a Negro, I cordially agreed. A Mexican gentleman he was, and he had been doing something in the town which I wouldn't quite understand, only just now at the moment he was unfortunate. It was an unfortunate time for almost all of us. And I bowed with sympathetic understanding towards that proud hidalgo. Only he certainly did look much more like a Negro than from my English books I have ever gathered that Mexicans are generally supposed to look.

Then there was a further addition to the social amenities of our little house party in the person of an aged lady of Syrian ancestry. That she was always going on about Jesus was the extraordinary comment with which my hostess favored me on our first introduction, and I own up



"Behold us, then, the slattern of a landlady, myself, and the proud grandee of New Spain, all sitting on a dirty bed and being served by a barefooted girl."

frankly that at that place and time the thing simply nauseated me. Her soul, of course, may have been infinitely precious in the eyes of her Maker, but to certain other senses of ordinary mankind she was far less engaging. You understand what I mean.

THEN as I sat there and sweltered on a broken chair just inside the unattended fly-netting door, she spotted something through the unbuttoned neck of my shirt, and on the instant she was across the hall-way and trying to paw it with her awful talons. It's a medal that I always wear there on a tiny silver chain, and in case you haven't got me properly fixed yet, I'd say that I'm afraid that I don't carry it in the least for piety, but because my wife gave it to me once and I like to carry it. And no filthy old hag is going to touch the thing, you can be sure.

Generally I'm like most of my people, pretty quiet, but that time I must have been about on the edge of hysterics what with sleeplessness and the heat and just the general beastliness of everything there. And I am afraid that for the moment I forgot myself and visibly shuddered. I am aware of course that this is not in the least developing into the sort of religious story which you as readers of a religious magazine have the right to expect.

My hostess, I think, saw the tiny motion. It was as though she were now more eager than ever to please me, and almost cringingly she switched the conversation off. Then visibly raking round the recesses of her mind for a subject more suitable, she asked if I could do with any beer. Now it is almost an insult to own up to it before a free and Prohibition-loving people, but the shameful truth was that I felt that at the moment I could do with some beer. Only beer fit for human consumption, I meant, and also it should be drunk under circumstances of something approaching human decency. And scrambling through holes in the fences of other peoples' back-yards, ascending shameful and crazy balconies, and slinking into a beastly and horrible bed-room, and all in order to drink a filthy concoction that looked like buttermilk gone bad, it doesn't come up to my insular and narrow-minded standards on the subject.

You can behold us, then, the slattern of a landlady, myself, and that proud grandee of New Spain, the latter still regarding me with his perpetual scowl of suspicious hostility, all sitting on a dirty bed and being served with the elixir by a barefooted girl. You mustn't raise the bottle, I remember, lest it might be

"She showed me something.
In fact, several things."



seen from some neighbor hovel. And another point of memory was the extreme dirt of the girl's feet. After two bottles I let down the traditional credit of my country by announcing that I simply couldn't take any more. And I couldn't have done. It was expensive, agreed my hostess mournfully, as she led the procession back through the filthy yards.

THAT was one of the worst things about drink, she told me, its cost. And also the fact that it made one so sick afterwards. It was a pity, because otherwise it did have its points. Made the world seem brighter, like. And astrology, that was another thing that might be a pity. Because it might do so much to help, what with prophesying better things coming and all that. And then you could hardly use it, with all the really good astrologers, those that advertised in the papers, charging so much. Didn't I think so too? And really as I'd never known that anyone to speak of nowadays ever thought of astrology at all, it seemed to me a very astonishing question.

Only really a woman with trouble did need something, a little drop of stuff or astrology or something; she seemed to be reaching out vaguely and hopelessly. And for lack of something to say in this crazy nightmare I enquired, What Troubles. And there was money, and the landlord wanting his rent. And then people not always paying her. And a lot about a baby that some girl had left with her to mind for a while, and then the girl never coming back,

and now it looked as if she might have gone for good and forgotten all about it. Nearly nine dollars that was. And the scabs on Jimmy's neck. Also last week's business, and the police, I gathered, hadn't been nice about it. Not nice at all. It was the insanest of conversations, and you people who want a nice, clean, religious sort of story must be a bit surprised about it all. That is, if you have got so far. Only it all really happened, and in a nightmare sort of way we went on talking and I went on occasionally throwing in a question.

Last week's business, I said. And which would that be? And I seemed to be putting a casually natural enquiry. One gets absent-minded. And that, she said, but she thought I knew. When I took the room. About the murder and the man cutting the woman's throat. And as with a hopeless dreariness she led the way again up those awful stairs and we came to a room, she illustrated in pantomime the finding of the business and how the head had hung dreadfully downwards. You can guess, can't you, which room it all happened in! Only the police, she said again, had not been nice about it all. It made it so bad for renting. Somehow, people didn't seem so anxious to take her rooms. And those that did take them, they mostly didn't seem to want to pay.

I told you I wasn't American, didn't I? But in our English books about your Southern States I seem to have read of Poor Whites. And here, so it struck me, we had them.

Because I don't suppose there was anything downright bad or immoral about that house, only it was just helpless and thriftless, what in Scotland they call 'feckless.' And so out of a careless and good-natured idleness I seemed to see the woman taking in every hopeless case that drifted along, and half the time she'd forget to collect any money till it was too late and there wasn't any to collect. And every worthless rake and out-of-work in the township would come along there and use the house as a natural rendezvous. That, at least, was how I read it all, while the woman mooned drearily along with her catalogue of petty miseries. There was a ray of dusty sunshine that found its way into the dirty hall-way through a hole in the network of the door, and I was wondering idly how long she would sit in it before she troubled to move her chair.

THEN came a bit that seemed a question that demanded an answer and my attention. For she was asking something.

"What is a Novnah, and how is it done?"

I was sorry, but I'd never heard of a Novnah. I couldn't help her. But I must know, she said, as if grasping at a chance that was leaving her. All we people did Novnahs. I was one of them, a Catholic, wasn't I? For hadn't her lady friend, the Syrian lady that was, picked me out as one by that medal round my neck? I must know what a Novnah was, and with a sort of physical gasp it came to me that we were trying to talk about a Novena.

It's something, you know, that you have to do for nine days, and if you can do it without a break, then you get what you've been wanting. Like Jimmy's scabs getting better, or that baby's mother sending some of the nine dollars along. Only what it is that you've got to do? And the woman almost pawed at my arm with anxiety. Because whatever it was, if I'd only tell her, she'd got all the things here ready. And opening a dirt-encrusted cupboard, that seemed a kind of Holy of Holies, she showed me something. In fact, several things.

Now there, she said, was the Virgin Mary. Her Syrian lady-friend had given her that now. And what did one have to do with it? (I wasn't laughing now. But in case anyone wants to know, it was not Our Lady at all, but a small and slightly broken image of the Little Flower, the sort of image that might have been given away as unsaleable.) Also there was a broken Rosary. And most astonishing of all was a collection of perhaps thirty stubs of old



Myself, my hostess in shabby finery and that awful old Syrian

candles. Blessed candles, those were, and if one only knew how to light them properly and at the right times, one might get one's wish. And I seemed to be able to see an old and superstitious Syrian woman muttering as she furtively and greedily gathered up odds-and-ends from a candle-stand. And then not quite so greedily passed on a portion of her miraculous spoils to someone who might be even a great deal worse off than herself.

ONLY what was this Novnah business, she kept on saying, and how did one go about it? Because there must be something in the world for a woman besides troubles. And she had so thought that I might tell her. And what on earth could I tell her? Because I'm a pretty poor layman myself, and all about being in a State of Grace and all that, how in the world does one put it in a low-down rooming house where

they've had a murder the week before. And, feeling like a fool, all that I could think of to suggest was that one might begin by going to Church.

YES, she said, she'd thought of that, only even that was so difficult. Like astrology. She'd tried the Baptists and the Methodists for a start, only it seemed as though they hadn't much place for her. Couldn't think why. Well, I could. Good decent, clean-living folk, with good, decent banking accounts and good decent homes, what earthly use could they have for a bankrupt slattern with a house that was probably the plague-spot of their little town? Yes, I think I could understand.

Now the Salvation Army, she said, that was different, and there at least she felt at home. Only it was a bit like the beer, in wearing off so quickly. (Again I am aware that I am not writing in the very least in good taste. I am merely telling you

exactly what she said.) But for all that, she did like the Army, and would I go with her that night? And, no, I wouldn't. And I was ever so sorry in a way to say it. Only I was a Catholic, I said, and however good the Army might be, I simply must stick to my own Church.

Then, she went on surprisingly enough, would I be going tomorrow, which would be Sunday, and could she go along too? She'd like to ever so much, and perhaps she could find out something how we did things and about the Novnah and all that. And as I hesitated, she said that if I was worrying about that room, she could find another. And if it was the money, well then it didn't matter, and I might stop for nothing. Only could she go with me to church tomorrow?

Well, as I told you to start with, I've got very little sanity of outlook. There was a perfectly decent bus that night waiting to take me to the next decent townlet on my journey. Or, for the matter of that, there was the perfectly decent hotel nearly opposite us. Only by some freak of twisted mentality, I availed myself of neither but said instead that I would stop. Furthermore, I didn't change my quarters, but slept again in that self-same room. Furthermore still, I slept this time. Fatigue perhaps, or perhaps knowing all about it. But anyway, I slept. And slept well.

NEXT morning would have made you laugh, I think. I told you a little bit about myself, but I never mentioned my clothes. Earlier on, my respectable flannels had struck me as a bit on the hot side for your American heat-waves, and so I'd sent them home, buying instead some perfectly appalling trousers that a man had reached down from a shelf and had said fitted me. As indeed, they more or less did, down to perhaps the top of my socks. Only with the dirt and perspiration of several hundred miles of Southern roads, and riding on stray trucks that would have me (they mostly wouldn't) and all that, they weren't the trousers they had been, and I should have been sorry to have walked down Piccadilly in them. And for shoes, I'd got a pair of boots, ex-Army type, all heavily ironed to be fit to tramp in. And my alpaca jacket had split up the back and I'd mended it myself and not too well. I must have looked rather funny.

Now you Americans in your private moments and when you're not being hospitable and polite, I know quite well what you think. That we English are a race of snobs. For the rest of our forty-odd million I won't admit it, but for myself I will. You're

right. I am a snob. And also a coward. And my march to Mass that Sunday morning in the blazing sun of that little Southern townlet nearly made me sweat blood. And a dozen times I was almost breaking column and bolting for it. Myself in my clothes, and my hostess in the most extraordinary patch work of shabby finery that one could imagine. In any town in the world anyone would have turned round to stare at us. And with us walked that awful old Syrian, mouthing and mopping as she almost danced along the public streets in the ecstasy of her triumph of having at last got her lady-friend to accompany her to the church from which one stole candle-

ends. It was the most terrible thing that ever happened to me. And I was once at Passchendaele. But the advance over the trench-top was nothing to this.

Wz got there at last. The Mass over, I positively mopped my forehead with the sheer relief of the thing. No, I wasn't coming back, Madam, I said. I was sorry, but I must get on somehow. Any bus, any train, anything. And, I added as I parted, she would know the place again if ever she wanted to go.

And of course, she said, she would know it, and would come again. It was the Church with the little white Cross over it.

ROSIE & CO.

By Brother Cajetan, C.F.X.

ROSIE is a gipsy who has been false to her art. The lines on your hand baffle her; the open road frightens her. Long, long ago, over a number of years which nobody dares conjecture, Rosie might have turned with flashing eyes and eager face to the mysteries so fascinating to her race. Once in days gone by—days that reach far back to fearful figures of more than two thirds of a century—Rosie must have been the gay, head-tossing senorita who blistered over miles of virginal sand of the South-west during the day, and sang romantic songs, or danced admirable tangoes before the gipsy camp-fire by night. But that is scarcely a memory now. When she recalls those days for you, she seems like one who turns the pages of a new picture-book in which she sees not herself but a vastly different person.

She must have been strikingly pretty then. A wealthy and childless merchant from New England, while passing through Arizona, saw her and he could not return without her. The troupe of wandering Spaniards felt that he was honorable and sincere. They were satisfied, too, that Rosie's intelligence would qualify her well for household duties in his employ. And he paid them well to let her go. Looking forward to life in New England meant nothing to her—merely turning into another new road. And that is how Rosie turned her back upon romance forever.

One must shake the infinitude of details surrounding Rosie's first few years in New England to see the simple drama of her life—all of

which proceeds to and from the fact that she did not turn back. The death of the merchant's wife soon after the birth of a boy, the shrinkage of his fortune to a negligible amount, the tottering of his own hope and health, and finally his dying request of the grief-stricken girl to see that young Walter was always cared for—these were the plus and minus signs of Rosie's problems.

She could not compute values; she could only sense them. But she loved her master, and under her heel went her desires. And when by verbal contract she agreed to stay—to allow the desires of her yet untamed blood to be subdued by the dreadful permanency of New England—in that one moment she began the record of a grand accomplishment.

Her First Charge

THE first of Rosie's company is Walter. He was only a baby when she took sole charge of him and they lived together on the little money and property left them by the lad's father. Nobody ever noticed the influence that Rosie exerted on Walter. He grew to be extremely singular and thoroughly imbued with his New England heritage. Her broken English and wisps of Spanish phrasing never once betrayed themselves in his stark speech; he showed no desire to leave home and go elsewhere; he laughed at her notions of religion. For although it is difficult to determine what would have been Rosie's attitude toward practical religion, had she remained a wanderer; by a strange contrast, so evident in such cases, she paid little attention to the Bible-guided tenets of the New Eng-

land family she lived with, and had become, like her Spanish forbears years and years back, a devout Catholic.

Whatever principles Walter might have harbored as a boy, when he became a young man they left him. He was lazy and thriftless. He would neither sow nor reap. When he should have been helping Rosie with the household problems he was out sauntering in the wood or watching the course of some running brook. As years went on, the people took him for granted. He became the village character and was known as "Neighbor." Few could tell you his family name. He was nearly always unkempt and unshaven and, to persons unfamiliar with him, he had the appearance of a transient who had knocked about from one end of the country to the other. But he never left home and never wanted to. That attitude was the one vestige of New England which he never lost.

Always a liability to Rosie, he often made matters difficult and embarrassing for her by attempting to sell the house and property on which they lived. There was never any danger of a sale but Rosie had to soothe, in her unmannered way, the bad temper of many a prospective buyer. When finally she did sell, because money was necessary, it was to a group of considerate buyers who paid her cash and allowed her the use of the property as long as she should want it.

The Barefoot Boy

WALTER was the subject of many a wild story in that locality, and his attempted exploits made excellent fodder for the cracker-barrel sages of his town. He was one of the three possibilities picked by a leading Boston newspaper in its search for Whittier's actual "barefoot boy." Walter was an old man when the report came out and he was delighted. Immediately he acquired the habit of carrying his shoes and walking barefooted over the roughest roads in the country. I remember him one day, barefooted, halted at the verge of an orchard, a prong of dark hair sticking through a hole of his battered hat, and his tanned rain-hardened face turned desirously up at one of his neighbor's cherry trees. I halted, too, and laughed, but recompensed him soon afterwards by climbing the tree and giving him cherries that were not my own.

Thus did the years of Rosie's life go on and on, from the days when she cared for a cynical and willful young Walter to the days when she looked after a mumbling and willful old man. It must not be thought that Walter was demented. When you first looked at him you were in-

clined to smile but, when he spoke, you almost jumped at the unexpected firmness and the clear ring in his voice. He used to like to read aloud special articles from the newspapers—and he read beautifully. He could quote the poetry of Whittier for pages without a break and could discuss the early poets of New England with an enviable familiarity and intelligence. But Walter was simply a creature born to be free—just as Rosie might have been.

Two Others Come

ONE day the old man fell suddenly ill and the doctor advised Rosie to place him in a hospital. She did it obediently. But Walter would have none of that. The confinement of a hospital during the first illness of his life was intolerable and day and night he cried for Rosie. So she took him home (gladly, I suspect). And in that little room of his father's house, with the white haired old man fighting for the last few hours of his life—a life that had known no bondage—with the anxious and quiet Rosie (almost stoical, they say) watching him, tenderly caring for his every want—in that little room came the climax of Walter's legend.

Occasionally he would smile and say, "Rosie, you have been good to me." He was more kind to her at his leaving life than he had been during life. And once he said, "Rosie, nobody ever wanted me but you. Do you think that God will want me, Rosie?" And Rosie went on her knees, whispering almost feverishly, "Oh, Walter, I have pray for forty year' that you be baptize!" He smiled again, "All right, Rosie, if it isn't too late." With the swiftness of a young girl, she was off her knees and racing across the fields of snow to call the chaplain of the academy nearby and, within an hour after Walter had expressed his desire, he was duly baptized.

In the little house that night, with the two candles spending their last dim flame, with not a sound except the howl of the winter wind outside, with no companionship except the grim invisibility of death, Rosie kept her lonely vigil and saw Walter die. Then she thanked God and fell asleep.

But what of the rest of Rosie's company? They were two little boys whom Rosie cared for after others had neglected them. The parents of Raymond and Robert were divorced. The father had the custody of the two boys, not because he wanted them but because the law decided it. But bringing up children often interferes with the more serious business of becoming professionally successful, so the father turned to Rosie and asked her to do what his own

wife should have done. Rosie needed more money for the support of herself and Walter, and seeing the slight financial advantage, she accepted at once. Raymond was eight years old and Robert almost seven. They liked old Walter and the three had plenty of fun together. Rosie, who had begun it all for reasons of business, soon made it thoroughly personal, and in a few weeks was caring for them as if they were her own children. They formed a curious company, those four—laughed at, abandoned, and bound together despite themselves.

The parents of Raymond and Robert had never had any religion and when Rosie spoke of religion to the father he only laughed and told her not to mind. But she begged for permission to make the boys open Christians. The father was still opposed to the idea until Rosie, determined to win her point, insisted, fought, threatened, and finally got his consent to bring the boys up as Catholics.

I think that the happiest moment of her life came on the morning when her two little outcasts received First Holy Communion. It was a special day set aside for them. Nobody else was in their class. And at Communion time the three of them went up to the rail together. If the two little boys were being consecrated for God's service, Rosie could not have been happier. There were few dry eyes among the watchers that morning and they say that old Walter found his way inside somehow and sat with lowered head in the very last pew.

Toward the Sunset

THERE isn't a great deal more to say about Rosie. A few months before Walter left her, Raymond and Robert were taken away by the father and went to live in Maine. Once she spent a few days with them and when she returned she explained with happy breathlessness that the father was continuing her apostleship. He saw that they observed their religious duties and they went to Communion frequently.

At first when the boys and Walter left her, Rosie was lonely. But quickly she began to appreciate the freedom that had been taken from her in her girlhood. She is approaching eighty now and her freedom means only a leisurely walk toward the sunset. She is immensely happy. She has no regrets, for her sacrifices have fructified. Not long ago she received the invitation to go up and live with Raymond and Robert; but she prefers to stay at home.

The open road still frightens her—except the quiet one that leads to the sunset.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ■ Answers ■ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

SEVEN UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) *Have any of the four sisters of the Little Flower, St. Therese, passed away since her canonization in 1925?* (2) *If a priest loses by accident the middle finger of either hand may he continue to say Mass?* (3) *Will you please tell me something about St. Alice?* (4) *Is Father Dudley, author of *The Masterful Monk*, a member of a Religious Order?* (5) *May one write to a cloistered religious to ask her prayers?* (6) *To what extent are the Italians and Irish superstitious? One hears so much of the superstition of both these Catholic peoples that I wonder how much of truth there is in it.* (7) *What should be the attitude of a Catholic toward Soviet Russia? I believe that it is wrong to recognize the Russian Government. I also believe that it is wrong for American business men to aid the development of Russian industry by making loans, directing their public works, etc.* (8) *Are nations that have recognized Soviet Russia justified in so doing?*

BALTIMORE, MD.

A. B.

(1) As far as we know the sisters of the Little Flower are still living. A pamphlet has been published by Rev. Father Dolan, Carmelite, entitled "The Living Sisters of the Little Flower," Price 30c.

(2) Yes.

(3) The Book of Saints merely tells us that St. Alice was a virgin and that her feast day is February 5. Alice is also considered a form of Adelaide. St. Adelaide was an Empress of the 10th Century, who, as the guardian of her grandson, Otho III, of Germany, rendered great services to the Church and to the State. She spent the last years of her life in a monastery in Alsace. Her feast day is celebrated on December 16.

(4) He is a member of the Catholic Missionary Society, London, who are not obligated by the vows of the Religious Life.

(5) Yes.

(6) The Irish and Italians are no more superstitious than other peoples. Generally speaking the charge of superstition is directed against the poorer classes of Catholics of all countries, but especially against the Italians, Irish and the people of Spanish culture by non-Catholics, who regard praying before statues, kissing the crucifix, wearing medals and lighting candles, etc., as evidence of superstition. This is the result of a campaign of misrepresentation carried on by the Reformers and their disciples from the time of the so-called Reformation. Catholics, however, have no more intention of praying to a statue of our Lord or the Saints than a good Protestant has of praying to his bed when he kneels before it to say his prayers before retiring; nor have Catholics any more intention of attributing Divine power to a medal than a good Protestant has of considering his Bible as sent to him personally from Heaven. Catholics know that superstition, or the giving of Divine honor to a creature, is forbidden by the First Commandment. Charges of superstition against Catholics come with poor grace from non-Catholics, who so commonly carry charms, fear to travel on Friday, refuse to sit at a table with thirteen, consult fortune tellers and display with swelling pride their lodge buttons.

(7) Catholics should take their cue from the Pope's condemnation of the whole Soviet system. No true Christian can honestly endorse a form of government

which aims at the total destruction not only of Christianity, but of religion itself. We thoroughly agree with your sentiments.

(8) When judged according to Christian standards there is no justification for recognizing the Soviet. But nations, as a rule, are not conspicuous for their devotion to Christian ideals.

CONFERRING PRIVATE BAPTISM

(1) *Our pastor comes to the little church here only on every second Sunday. Would it be allowed to give a baby private baptism under such circumstances, even if there is no immediate danger?* (2) *Is it forbidden by the Church to erect a small wooden cross over the grave of an unbaptized child?* (3) *Would it be allowed to confer private baptism on a baby because one of the parents is a non-Catholic and it is many weeks before she allows it to be brought to the church for baptism?*

N. N.

(1) Infant baptism should be conferred by one's proper pastor and in a solemn manner; that is, in the church, with all the ceremonies prescribed by the ritual. But in danger of death private baptism should be administered by a lay person, preferably a man, and if the child lives it should be brought to the church in order that the ceremonies might be supplied. But if there is no danger in delay the pastor ought to be informed beforehand that a child is to be baptized, and it should be brought to the church on the Sunday when the pastor, or his assistant, is present.

(2) There is nothing to forbid it.

(3) If the delay is longer than three weeks and there is no immediate hope of bringing it to the church, we think that under the circumstances the child should be baptized privately and the pastor informed.

CHANGING FROM ONE INSTITUTE TO ANOTHER

(1) *Is a Sister allowed to change from one religious institute to another after she has made her profession?* (2) *Will you please recommend a book which will help me to find the Order best suited for me?*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. D.

(1) With permission of the Holy See it is allowed a professed religious to change from one institute to another. We advise that one who contemplates entering the Religious Life should not enter it with the intention to change, for such a disposition is prejudicial to stability of character.

(2) *Convent Life*, by Rev. Martin Scott, S. J., will give you a general idea of the life of a Sister. But the advice of a good confessor is much to be preferred in choosing a religious institute.

CARDINAL BONAPARTE

In your issue of March, 1931, under "It Happened in March," page 475, you refer to a Bonaparte having been created Cardinal on March 13, 1868. Would you be kind enough to tell me which Bonaparte this was and which brother of the Emperor Napoleon he descended from?

NEW YORK, N. Y.

P. T. A.

Cardinal Lucien Bonaparte was born in Rome in 1825 and died in 1895. He was descended from two of Napoleon's brothers, his father having been a son of Lucien

and his mother, Zenaïde, a daughter of Joseph. The Cardinal's parents, therefore, must have been first cousins.

MUSSOLINI A CATHOLIC

Will you tell me if Mussolini is a Catholic?
MEDFORD, MASS.

S. M.

Signor Mussolini was baptized a Catholic and professes the Faith. To what extent he practices his religion we cannot say.

FATHER BURKE'S SERMONS AND LECTURES

Will you please tell where I may obtain a copy of Father Tom Burke's Lectures and Sermons?
CAMDEN, N. J.

W. M.

Father Burke's Lectures can be obtained through THE SIGN. Price \$2.15, plus 10% postage.

CATHOLICS AND BIBLE READING

Not long ago I heard a Methodist missionary to Argentina say: "The reading of the Bible is absolutely forbidden to Roman Catholics [noticeable pause] in South America." Is this true?

HARZARDVILLE, CONN.

L. P.

The Catholic Church does *not* forbid the faithful to read the Bible, that is, the true Bible. But she does forbid them to read faulty and erroneous versions of the Bible, such, for example, the *Revised* version. This is what the missionary to Argentina may have meant. We make this presumption on account of the noticeable pause which you speak of. The Catholic Church, like a good mother, wants her children to nourish themselves on good food. Therefore she forbids the printing and circulation of vernacular versions of the Bible, unless the proper ecclesiastical authority gives permission. This is a wise provision, protecting the people from being deceived by false versions. To manifest her solicitude for reading the Bible the Church grants partial and plenary indulgences to those who read the Gospels for fifteen minutes daily.

FORMS OF SALUTATION

In writing to priests and Sisters what is the proper form of salutation? Also when one is not certain whether a clergyman is a priest or a minister what is the proper form of address?

NEWARK, N. J.

C. M.

Letters to priests and Sisters should be addressed as follows:

Reverend John Smith (title)

Address,

Reverend and dear Father:

Sister Margaret Mary,

Address,

Dear Sister:

In case of doubt as to whether a clergyman is a priest or a minister Reverend and Dear Sir should be substituted for Reverend and Dear Father.

THE POWER OF BISHOPS

In a recent issue you stated that only the Pope could dispense from the impediment, so that a Catholic might marry a Jew. Have not the bishops delegation from the Pope, so that they may validly dispense from this impediment, without the necessity of recourse to the Pope?

HARTFORD, CONN.

C. N.

The impediment of disparity of cult (difference of worship), especially in so far as it concerns the marriage of a Catholic with a Jew or a Mohammedan, is generally reserved to the Holy See. The Canon Law does not give bishops the power to dispense from this imped-

iment unless in urgent cases. Of course bishops may obtain an indult granting them the power to dispense from this impediment without recourse to the Pope, but such an indult is outside the provisions of the common law.

FORM OF EXCOMMUNICATION

When the Church excommunicates an individual does she use a set form of words or does excommunication automatically follow the commission of a crime without the necessity of passing sentence?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

L. J. K.

Excommunication is an ecclesiastical censure, or punishment, by which a baptized person is excluded from communion with the faithful and, as a consequence, is deprived of spiritual benefits. Excommunication is divided into two general classes: excommunications which are incurred by the very commission of the crime and excommunications which are inflicted by an ecclesiastical judge because of the violation of a law, which violation renders the culprit liable to punishment. The first class do not require the intervention of a judge; the second class do. In neither case is a set form of words demanded by Canon Law in pronouncing excommunication. Of course it must be made known in the law that the commission of crime entails excommunication, either by the commission itself or through the intervention of a judge.

FIVE MORE UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) *Is there a St. Merle?* (2) *Can one gain the indulgences by praying on a broken rosary?* (3) *Must one always pray for the intentions of the Pope in order to gain an indulgence?* (4) *If we pray for the relief of one of the Poor Souls in Purgatory and in return beg this soul to ask for favors from God for us, will God listen to this Soul and does this Poor Soul hear me?* (5) *My husband doesn't pray much. When I ask him to join with me in making a novena he refuses and says that he will pray in his own way. What can I do to get him to pray more?*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

N. N.

(1) Merle may be a form of either Merilaun or Merulus. St. Merilaun was a British saint who lived in the eighth century. He met his death by violence at Rhelms while on a pilgrimage to Rome. He is venerated as a martyr, and his feast day is May 18. St. Merulus lived in the sixth century. He was a monk, and St. Gregory said that he seemed always to be praying. The day and hour of his death was revealed to him. He is venerated on January 17.

(2) As long as most of the beads are intact the indulgences attached to them can be gained.

(3) Prayers for the intentions of the Pope are necessary only when they are specified, which is usually the case when gaining plenary indulgences.

(4) It is the pious belief of the faithful that our prayers are made known by God to the Poor Souls and also that the Poor Souls' prayers for those on earth are heard by God and answered. This is one of the most consoling features of the Communion of Saints.

(5) Men are not as externally prayerful as women, and therefore you ought not to expect your husband to be as devout as yourself. Let him pray in his own way.

CATHOLICS AND DIVORCE: CONVERT MINISTER: PROTESTANT MARRIAGES

(1) *Will a Catholic be recognized as a true Catholic if he receives a divorce and remains unmarried?* (2) *Can a Protestant minister become a Catholic priest if he is married and his wife is still living?* (3) *If two Protestants have been married by a Protestant minister, must*

they be remarried by a Catholic priest if they should become Catholics?

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

J. K.

(1) It is forbidden to Catholics by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore to seek a civil divorce from a valid marriage unless permission has been obtained from the bishop of the diocese. The decree says that "if anyone shall attempt to do this let him know that he is guilty of a grave sin and is liable to be punished by the bishop of the diocese." This is what the Church thinks of a Catholic who would sue for a civil divorce after knowing of the Church's prohibition to do so unless the bishop's permission is obtained. (Read "One Partner: No Divorce" in this issue.)

(2) Men with wives are impeded by Canon Law from entering seminaries for candidates for the priesthood. It is a law of the Church, which the Holy See has the power to dispense in individual cases. Whether or not the Holy See would dispense a convert minister, with a non-Catholic living wife, from this impediment is uncertain.

(3) Marriages between Protestants can be just as valid as between Catholics. Marriage is a sacrament for baptized Protestants as between baptized Catholics. Therefore, if the marriage contracted by them while Protestants was not invalidated by any diriment or nullifying impediment, there would be no necessity of remarriage upon their entering the Church.

SPECIAL MEDAL: MARRIAGE BANNS

(1) I saw a medal with three hearts on one side and the Holy Family on the other. The letters were so worn that I could not make them out. Could you tell me what kind of medal it is? (2) Why are marriage banns announced only at High Mass?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. H.

(1) We venture the opinion that it may be a medal of the Confraternity of the Holy Family.

(2) Banns of marriage are generally announced at the last Mass in this country, as it is usually the chief Mass of the day.

(We have no knowledge of the legend mentioned in your third question.)

GENUFLECTING: SINGING IN PROTESTANT CHOIR

(1) When the Blessed Sacrament has been removed from the high altar and reposed in a side chapel should one genuflect before the high altar? (2) Should a person with a trained voice, obtained at the cost of much time and money, accept the offer of a Protestant church to sing at regular services and receive compensation for so doing when he could sing in a Catholic Church, but without pay? (3) Is not receiving money for singing in a Protestant choir the same as receiving money for the offering of Mass?

FALL RIVER, MASS.

E. F.

(1) A genuflection should be made only before the altar containing the Blessed Sacrament. An exception is when the Blessed Sacrament is reserved in the Repository from Mass on Holy Thursday till the Mass of the Pre-sanctified on Good Friday. During that time one who passes before the high altar genuflects to the crucifix on one knee and on two knees before the Repository.

(2) It is not a question as to whether one may receive money for singing in Protestant choirs with as much right as a priest who celebrates Mass for a person's intention. It is rather a question of the lawfulness of singing there at all. Canon 1258 of the Code of Canon Law forbids all Catholics "to assist actively in any way or take part in the religious services of non-Catholics." By virtue of a special decree of the Holy See it is never

lawful for Catholics to sing or to play the organ in temples of heretics when religious services are held, even though there is nothing heretical in the prayers or hymns, because such actions are a participation in the false worship of heretics.

(3) There is no parallel between receiving an offering for the celebration of Mass for a person's intention and obtaining pay for singing in a Protestant choir during religious service. This ought to be clearly evident to all Catholics.

SAINT PATRICK

(1) I have been told that St. Patrick was a Catholic bishop in Ireland, and that he is the patron saint of Ireland. But it seems to me that I read in THE SIGN that he was not an Irishman, nor a Catholic, nor a saint, and that his name was not Patrick.

(2) Will you please explain something about St. Patrick ridding Ireland of snakes?

BALTIMORE, MD.

D. A. S.

(1) You may have read in THE SIGN Post of September, 1929, under the caption, "History by a Cartoonist," the startling revelation that St. Patrick was neither an Irishman, nor a Catholic, nor a saint, and that his name was not Patrick. This was announced by Ripley, of "Believe It or Not" fame. It was said in answer to these assertions that it was commonly held that St. Patrick was not born in Ireland, and that he was not at first known as Patrick, but as Succat.

But it was also shown in our answer that Ripley's efforts to be interesting by saying that Patrick was neither a saint nor a Catholic were not only bold but also silly.

(2) The Acts of St. Patrick, by Jocelin, contain among many other legends, that regarding the Saint's ridding Ireland of snakes. It seems that snakes had infested the island from earliest times, and had often wounded men and animals with their deadly sting. "Therefore he, the most excellent pastor, bore on his shoulder the staff of Jesus," says Jocelin, "and gathered together by his prayers all the poisonous creatures into one place, then compelled them all unto a very high promontory (Cruachan Phadruig) and by the power of his word he drove the whole pestilent swarm from the precipice of the mountain headlong into the ocean." The New International Encyclopedia recognizes the fact that there are no snakes in Ireland, but it says that the same is true of Scotland, and also that England contains only two species of snake.

ENDORSED MOTION PICTURES

Could you please refer me to an approved selection of current plays and motion pictures, excluding the ones broadcast by Mrs. McGoldrick over Station WLWL?

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

A. M.

Communicate with The Catholic Theatre Movement, 460 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

GIRLS SMOKING

Is it right for girls to smoke when their parents disapprove?

N. N.

Smoking in itself is an indifferent act, for women as well as men. That is, in itself smoking is neither good nor bad. It may be that the opposition to girls smoking is due to the fact that it is modern. Nevertheless, girls who smoke seem to lose something of that quality of femininity which so sharply contrasts them with men. The more a girl or woman apes men, so much the less feminine does she appear. A manish girl or woman is even more ridiculous than an effeminate man. We think that it would be better for girls to accord with the views of their parents in this matter, if for no other

reason than to have peace in the home. Anyhow, by abstaining from smoking girls will cultivate self-control, which is always a great moral asset. Herein lies one of the dangers of smoking on the part of girls. It serves to break down that wall of modesty with which nature surrounds the female. Concessions made in the matter of smoking opens the way for drinking, and when girls and women indulge in drinking, they are in proximate danger of a serious fall. If there is one thing which we ought to pray and strive for in this age of toppling moral standards, it is that women remain women, and leave men to their own tastes. Women are the moulders of character. The moral status of a people will be largely determined by the morality of its women. Finally, does it not seem incongruous that a Catholic girl, who from her tenderest years is taught to revere the Virgin Mary and to imitate her virtues should do anything which might cause the Mother of God to frown upon her? Catholic girls object that, if they do not smoke and drink, they will not "belong." It must be remembered that devotion to high ideals nearly always means a curtailment of liberty. But it is better to be true to high ideals than be a slave of tyrannous fashion.

ST. NORMAN

Was there ever a St. Norman, and, if so, where can I obtain an account of his life?

LOUISVILLE, KY.

W. C.

If St. Norman ever existed the hagiographers have kept very quiet about him. Our efforts to find something about him were unsuccessful. Perhaps some of our readers can enlighten us.

CAUSE OF DEPRESSION

Some one told me that the cause of all this misery and depression is that we don't give one tenth to charity. Will you please tell me your opinion about this?

LOUISVILLE, KY.

F. G.

The hard times are the result of many and varied causes. Nevertheless, we opine that the cult of prosperity has been the occasion of much false thinking as to what constitutes the real good of existence. When people place all their affections on temporal and transitory goods, there is bound to follow a profound disillusionment. God our Father may be teaching us the much needed lesson that we cannot get along without Him, and that, after all, the real good of life is to love God with all our hearts, and our neighbor as ourselves. Only by so doing we truly live.

PRIVATE REPLIES

To C. E. S.: The action is unlawful.

To F. F. L. from Tulsa, and others: Please remember that we will not answer anonymous communications on questions dealing with personalities.

TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY

Should a girl who is desirous of marriage, but does not marry, through no fault of her own, take it that it is God's will that she remain unmarried?

N. N.

Questions of this kind can be answered more satisfactorily by your pastor or confessor, for much depends upon your disposition. But when considered in the abstract we can answer that Catholic doctrine teaches that the life of virginity in the world, and the life of the counsels in religion are higher and more excellent vocations than marriage. (See I Cor. 7:38.) But what is more excellent in itself may not always be the best thing for this or that person. Undoubtedly if God calls a person to the more perfect life it is the part of wisdom to obey the call.

PAMPHLET ON VOCATION

Have you any pamphlet on how to choose one's vocation?

L. S.

"What Shall I Be," by Rev. Fr. Cassilly, S.J., may prove helpful. Price 15 cents.

WRITTEN PROOF OF HELL

A non-Catholic friend says that there is no Hell, stating that it is just a mythical place we Catholics have been brought up to believe in. He states that if any written proof of a Hell were given he would believe in it. Can you furnish one?

T. M. B.

Pray, where did your friend obtain the information that Hell is a mythical place? If he says that he will believe in Hell if a written proof of its existence is furnished, you might refer him to the Gospel according to St. Matthew (chapter 25) where Christ describes the eternal lot of the just and the wicked. Concerning the wicked Christ explicitly says that they "shall go into everlasting punishment," while the just "shall go into everlasting life." (Matt. 25:46.) Catholics don't believe in Hell because the clergy hold the threat of punishment over them in order to keep them from sin, but for the good and sufficient reason that Christ, "Whose word is truth," has expressly said that there is a Hell. Your friend is free to hold his own opinion in contradiction to the plain words of Christ, and the belief of the Universal Church, but we think that he is somewhat rash in so doing.

CONTINENCY IN MARRIAGE

Are married Catholics obliged to have children? Cannot they live a virtuous life?

ADRIAN, MICH.

H. S.

You will find the first part of your question answered on page 22, column 3, of the August, 1931, issue of **THE SIGN**. We amplify that statement by saying that married partners may observe continence, if they so desire, but it must be done with mutual consent, and, according to St. Paul, usually only for a time. Each married person, by virtue of matrimonial consent, gives power over one's body to the other party, and that strict right cannot be denied unless the other is willing, and only for so long as he is willing. (See I Cor. 7:3-6.) It must not be forgotten that virtue in marriage can be practised without resorting to continence, for the use of marriage is a good thing, and if used with the proper disposition is even meritorious.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

A. F., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; L. E. S., ELMHURST, N. Y.; M. A. V., CHARLEROI, PA.; M. V. B., Newark, N. J.; G. C., NO. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; M. D., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.; M. R., JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.; M. M., HARRISON, N. J.; W. G., BENAVIDES, TEX.; M. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; C. T. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; J. H., PIERRE, S. D.; P. McH., CHILTON, WIS.; R. O'M., ROXBURY, MASS.; M. H., McKEES ROCKS, PA.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

C. S., BUECHEL, KY.; M. C. G., MORGANTOWN, W. VA.; A. W., TORRINGTON, CONN.; K. E. McK., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.; J. O'C., NEWBURYPORT, MASS.; A. R. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.; M. M., McKEESPORT, PA.; H. G. D., CHARLEROI, PA.; J. B., GUILFORD, CONN.; M. C., PAWTUCKET, R. I.; M. I. W., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; M. McN., BALTIMORE, MD.; A. M. R., LOWELL, MASS.; M. D. McC., WATERBURY, CONN.; D. C., CLEVELAND, O.; I. L. D., HENDERSON, KY.; A. G. D., BALTIMORE, MD.; M. M., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; N. C., HARTFORD, CONN.; T. A. L., NEW BRITAIN, CONN.; M. E. McM., MEDFORD, MASS.; D. F., ELIZABETH, N. J.; C. E. L., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. A. G., NORMANDY, MO.; A. D., NORMANDY, MO.; R. A. C., SO. BOSTON, MASS.; S. W. C., ALLSTON, MASS.; A. M. S., SALEM, MASS.; M. A. K., WASHINGTON, D. C.; M. B. C., CHICAGO, ILL.; C. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. F. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; E. B., DUNKIRK, N. Y.; R. A. D., STONEHAM, MASS.; D. A. M., JAMAICA, N. Y.; I. E. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.; R. J. K., NEW HAVEN, CONN.;

L. C. R., LOUISVILLE, KY.; C. F., WILKES BARRE, PA.; M. V., MT. HEALTHY, O.; K. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; K. P., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.; T. A. K., WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.; E. P. B., UNIVERSITY CITY, MO. E. S., ST. ALBANS, N. Y.; M. K., WEST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.; S. A. S., IPSWICH, MASS.; L. M. McK., KENSINGTON, CONN.; J. F. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. M., MATTAPAN, MASS.; M. G., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.; G. McL., WEST QUINCY, MASS.; K. F. C., NORWICH, CONN.; M. F., FREDONIA, N. Y.; N. Q., STAMFORD, CONN.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

WANTED: OLD BOOKS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am trying to build up a library for the poor colored children of my very poor mission parish. I am making bold to ask you and your readers to help me in this work. Any reading matter—stories, biography, etc.—will be most gratefully received.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH,

(Rev.) JULIAN ENDLER, C.P.,
Pastor.

NEW BERN, N. C.

THE CORN-FED SAINT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I re-read with keen amusement "The Prayer of the Corn-fed Saint" in the June issue of *THE SIGN*, and remarked the observation, "it's altogether too bad that the name of the author is unknown."

Taking down my portfolio ("Protestantism," of which the verses speak so eloquently), I find that this classic is from the pen of of Caroline A. Walker.

DORCHESTER, MASS. (Rev.) WILLIAM A. GROSS.

DEVOTION TO FIVE WOUNDS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

We are inclosing a letter received from The Almitas (Little Souls) of 1531 Hudson Avenue, Chicago, Ill., which has caused us great concern. We wish to know if it is the truth before we upset the Sisters about it, since the devotion has become very popular here during the past few years. The devotion appealed to us because it centered around our Blessed Lord.

ST. ANTHONY'S HOSPITAL, SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS,
TERRE HAUTE, IND. ST. ANTHONY'S HOSPITAL.

[INCLOSURE]

DEAR FRIEND:

We have been informed by the Chancery Office of Chicago, that the indulgences formerly attached to the invocations in honor of the Holy Wounds have been removed by the authorities at Rome.

The Bishop of any diocese by applying to the Holy Office, Section of Indulgences, can have them restored so that they can be gained by the members of his diocese. Likewise any Superior General can obtain the same privilege for the members of his or her community. This explains our inability to continue the spreading of the devotion to the Holy Wounds.

CHICAGO, ILL. THE ALMITAS.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Upon inquiry made to the Chancery Office we learn that the Invocations referred to in the above letter are those which Sister Mary Martha Cham-

bon described as having been taught her by our Blessed Lord, and which the Sacred Penitentiary indulgenced. The withdrawal alleged above does not effect any of the indulgences found in the *Raccolta*, such as those attached to the Five Wound Beads. It strikes us as strange that devotions must cease because they are not indulgenced.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE SIGN POST

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I express to you my deep appreciation of *THE SIGN*. Not having had the benefit of a Catholic education, I am forced to gather my religious knowledge from magazines like *THE SIGN*. I owe you more than the subscription price by far since I have gleaned no small store of information from its pages to answer attacks on our religion. Often, as I read a question in *THE SIGN* Post I say to myself, "Now how in the world can the Editor answer that? Let's see." But answer it he does. Believe me, I deeply admire the mind those answers disclose.

It may interest you to know that my copy of *THE SIGN*, after passing around here, finally comes to rest in a mission in far away India.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

GEORGE McGRATH.

TWO DEVOTED JEWS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

On page 647 of the June, 1931 issue of *THE SIGN*, N. M. Law, Esq., wrote, "Oh would that our American mothers might give the high Christian counsel to their children, and in the same touching manner," as did the German mother of Henry Beckman. As a Christian I was thrilled to realize that Mr. Beckman and the wonderful mother who wrote that letter are devoted Jews. It is good for us to realize that many of the values and acts which we label "Christian" are the values which Jews label "Jewish." It seems to me that this fact would be interesting in your column, and if you mention the matter I wish that you would send me a clipping. Mr. Beckman delighted in reading your June column and I know that he too would be glad to have a copy of the page in which you call the attention of your readers to the fact that the mother who gave "the high Christian counsel" was a Jewish mother. Mr. Henry Beckman's address is 1318 First National Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE
OF JEWS AND CHRISTIANS,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

EVERETT R. CLINCHY,
Director.

"KEEP THAT FINE LINE——"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your recent issue of *THE SIGN* you wondered how many subscribers really read your magazine.

Let me speak for one copy and say that it is very much in demand not only with my immediate family but with the boys here and especially with our lady cook, the latter by the way is a non-Catholic. It is read and appreciated and also hard to hang onto.

Just keep that fine line of material which you have had in the past and add more if you can in the future. Congratulations to all connected with your paper, and especially to yourself.

MASS. STATE POLICE,
HOLDEN, MASS.

JOSEPH CELLE,
Clerk, Troup C Hdqtrs.

AN AUTHOR AND OUR REVIEWERS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

DEAR FATHER:

I wish to take decided exception to the remarks in your August number, of your Book reviewer, concerning *Violet Blossoms*.

May I ask what he interprets: "Poetry in the true sense of the word?"

"The phrasing is *trite* and *facile* and the effect unconvincing." I doubt if the reviewer could explain, in English, this statement. Perhaps a primer of the English language might help him to a happier combination of English words.

It might interest him to read some of the reviews received so far from English and Irish publications, particularly one which appeared in *The Cross*. I will gladly send him a copy when I get back to Chicago—just for his entertainment.

Perhaps these mere English and Irish reviewers may not be so well up in poetic matters as your reviewer, or again, perhaps, they may be able to give more time to their subject.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. COLUMBA DOWNEY, O. Carm.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In spite of Father Downey's praise of his own book, in spite even of the distinguished literary authorities whose judgment of the book has been favorable, your reviewer can only reiterate that Father Downey's verses are not poetry—they are lacking in discrimination, the phrasing is *trite* and there is no feeling in them. Suppose we let it go at that.

YOUR REVIEWER.

"BOUND TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Please let me congratulate you on the handsome new dress and lay-out of the magazine. It's great, and is bound to make an impression. I enclose a check for which I would be grateful to receive five more copies of the August issue.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE,
WORCESTER, MASS.

IRVING T. McDONALD,
Librarian.

PRINCE-BISHOP HOHENLOHE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The installment of "My Card-Index on the Loose" by Mr. John Gibbons, which appears in the June number of *THE SIGN*, contains a reference to a "Prince Hohenlohe, a German princeling who was then (1823) in England with an enormous reputation as a sort of faith healer. He was a Lutheran Protestant himself."

We have all heard of Prince Hohenlohe and his miracles. But it is startling to be told that he was a Protestant. A brief sketch of his life is given in Vol. VII of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*. From that it appears that Alexander Leopold Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingfürst, Titular Bishop of Sardica, "famous for his many supposedly miraculous cures" was born August 17, 1794, and was ordained priest September 16, 1815. About 1821, began the miraculous cures alleged to have been effected through his prayers. "He would specify a time during which he would pray for those who applied to him, and in this manner he effected numerous cures not only on the continent but also in England, Ireland and the United States."

It would appear that there must have been something wrong about the data on which Mr. Gibbons based the inference that Prince Hohenlohe was a Protestant.

YONKERS, N. Y.

*RICHARD W. RYAN.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I'm afraid that there is no doubt about my having been wrong. As I look the matter up in the *Encyclopedia*, I see that Mr. Ryan is right in every point save one. The Prince was a Catholic. My only excuse is that the source of my information gave him as a Lutheran. It was, I think, the *Annual Register* of London. Mr. Ryan's one mistake is in saying that everybody had

heard of Prince Hohenlohe. I hadn't till I picked him up in an erroneous reference.

TRAMPING, SOMEWHERE SOUTH.

JOHN GIBBONS.

APPRECIATED CO-OPERATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I take this occasion in acknowledging receipt of *THE SIGN* to congratulate you upon the development of that organ to a place of such extreme importance in American Catholic thought. I have referred to it time and again in both my graduate and undergraduate courses during the past year. I have found the articles of Hilaire Belloc extremely stimulating but not more so than the splendid short stories which you have been able to accumulate. It will be a pleasure for me to put *THE SIGN* in a prominent place in our exhibit for the thousand Sisters and priests in attendance at our summer school.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MAURICE S. SHEEHY, Ph.D.

PARISH STUDY CLUBS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In a recent issue of *THE SIGN*, I noticed an article by Mary E. McGill concerning study clubs in parishes; consequently, I thought the following facts might be of interest to your readers.

We have formed in St. Louis an inter-parish study club consisting of nine girls from different parishes.

We have mapped out a program with the aid of our monitor, Miss Dorothy Willmann of the *Queen's Work* staff, and have so far been very successful in following it. At present, we are using the *Brief Case for the Existence of God* by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Later, we intend to take up a discussion of the Soul, the Sacraments, Church Authority, etc.

The meetings, which are carried on like an open forum, are held once every two weeks. The chairman, appointed at the previous meeting, reads the subject for discussion which is then developed through questions or objections brought forth by the members. Each girl brings in a paper on an assigned subject, and is expected to refute all arguments concerning that subject.

We have limited membership to girls only, because, unlike Miss McGill, we feel that the presence of men would rob the meetings of the freedom and total lack of self-consciousness that exists now.

We believe our plan is a successful one, but would appreciate any new ideas that *THE SIGN* readers may have to offer on the subject.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

G. SCHLUETER.

NEW SUIT FOR FRESH EXPLOITS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

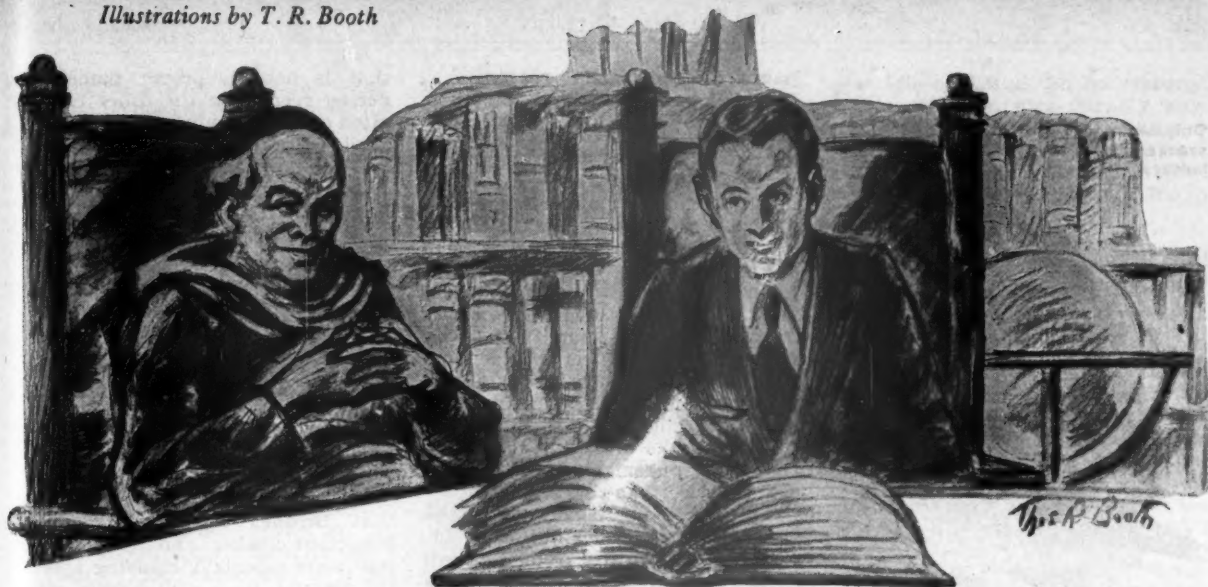
May I congratulate you upon *THE SIGN*, that like an old champion puts on a brand new suit of armor for fresh exploits. I like the new cover and if the contents of the August edition be a fair sample, which I do not doubt, I like even more the fresh exploits that we are to witness during the year to come, and for much longer than that, please God.

The fact of the matter is that I do not know any Catholic paper at present published in this country that combines so many elements of interest as does *THE SIGN*. Alike in its articles, its editorial comment and answers to questions it has reached and maintained an extraordinarily high standard, and its other departments are no less notable.

You are, reverend, and dear Editor, most highly to be congratulated and I hope that my brief note may be among the first to offer this tribute to you.

RIDGEWOOD, N. J.

R. BURNHAM CLINTON.



BROTHER UGOLINO'S LADDER

By

E. Vincent Wareing

ONLY once a year, and then when the spring flowers begin to peep forth on the lower slopes of the mountain, does the little Alpine village of Gelansee arouse itself from its normal slumber among the scented pines. Then, for a whole week, Sunday excepted, the grass-grown market place is animated from early morn till sunset. It is the fair week, and from miles around the hardy husbandmen come into Gelansee to replenish their stock of agricultural implements. A well-diversified display of portable steps and ladders is invariably a pronounced feature of the fair, so much



so, indeed, that the villagers always speak of it as "the ladder fair."

About a mile to the north of the village, along the path which leads to the rocky crest of the Eggishorn, stands one of the oldest Franciscan monasteries in Switzerland. It is an old gaunt, weather-beaten structure, with great high walls built out of roughly-hewn rock, more like a medieval fortress than a home of cloistered tranquillity and strict religious observance.

In very truth the simple friars have only one natural enemy, and that is the devastating avalanche. The heavy gates in the south wall appear to be ever open to all comers, but few visitors, except the poor who patronize the monastic dispensary, ever pull the bell rope. From the ordinary tourist's point of view there is nothing in the monastery worth climbing up to see. The frescoes on the chapel walls are but shadowy semblances of the glories once depicted there by a friar who, in his worldly days, had been a pupil of Cimabue, though they say that many years ago a man named John Ruskin came to see them, and made notes about them in his pocket-book.

But the friars still have their library; there is a long row of parchment-bound volumes, the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas; there are the massive volumes of the Bollandists; the commentaries of Johannes Anglicus, a Carmelite of the thirteenth century, of whom, I must admit, I had never heard before. There are rows and rows of white bindings with title labels in red and green calf, and many tiny volumes in lambskin, modern reprints of classics of by-gone days. But the friars do not live wholly in the past, as evidences the hundreds of present-day volumes in the publishers' own binding. No one knows now how they obtained possession of the early printed edition of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, gorgeously bound and

richly tooled, with a coat of arms which showed that it once belonged to a Medici cardinal who eventually rose to the Chair of Peter. But the greatest treasure of all is the illuminated manuscript of the immortal *Fioretti* (The Little Flowers of St. Francis). And it was for the sheer joy of beholding this priceless gem that I made my solitary way up to Gelansee, and thence onward to the old monastery.

I shall not attempt to describe the manuscript, for others more deeply versed in Franciscan lore have discussed it after the manner of the learned. Truth to tell, I am a mere



dilettante: I love to see and handle these things, but it matters not to me if Jacopo Bellini did or did not draw those quaint little pictures in the broad margins—some of your wise pundits have said that they are inferior to the *Stimmate* picture in the British Museum, but that it is a way some wise pundits have when they cannot be certain. In my own simple way I think they are equal to the best work of that period.

Only one egg was cracked, but the ladder!



The librarian—they called him Father Seraphim, perhaps because he is so wonderfully hale and hearty—was quick to notice my suppressed laugh while he reverently turned over the gleaming pages.

"There's no harm in laughing, my friend," said he, as he turned from the manuscript to look me in the face. "The Little Man of Assisi would not have us be sad without a cause. The good Christian should begin on earth the life of heaven, and you know Blessed Sir Thomas More says we shall all be merrie in Heaven; then why not be as truly merrie as we can on earth? You have heard it said that religion was never meant to make our lawful pleasures less; well, that's part of our philosophy—remember, of all the good God's creatures man is the only one blest with the great gift of laughter. But wait a minute—" Father Seraphim raised an admonitory finger, and his rubicund face lit up with a glad smile—"I will show you a lovely little picture."

He deliberately skipped a few pages of the manuscript, then readjusted it so that a better light fell upon the page at which he stopped. "There," he said, "how do you like this one?"

He pointed to an outline drawing, in the bottom corner, of a very bony friar holding up his habit with both hands and running as if for his very life.

"He seems to be in a violent hurry," I commented.

"And so would you be, my friend, if you had the same reason for running! Now we will turn back a few

pages. Behold the reason! . . . Wouldn't you run? Surely!"

IN the middle of the lower margin I was a vermilion drawing of the weirdest devil I had ever seen: a much attenuated human figure with an evil face and ass's ears; of course, it had a tail, and this terminated in a horrible spike. In his claw-like hands he gripped a fearful trident poised as if to thrust into his victim's back. He was running as if to try and overtake the fleeing friar, who was fortunately several pages ahead.

The old man leaned back in his chair and chuckled aloud.

For the sake of saying something I ventured to remark, "I wonder did the devil overtake the fugitive?"

"Of course not," gaily and convincingly responded the Father Librarian. "If you flee from the devil he can never overtake you. But, you must never dally. That's when he scores. If we flee from temptation we never succumb to it. Is that not so, my son?"

"Perhaps you are right, Father Seraphim," I said reminiscently, and in but a mildly confirming tone, "but you do not get the struggles here that we men in the world have to contend with."

"So? Well, we get our full share of trials, never doubt that, my friend. But struggles . . . Why struggle at all? If a man picks up a hot coal he does not struggle with it; he drops it at once. That's what we should do with temptation. Drop it at once. If we listen to the devil we are in danger. That is how struggles begin, and the man who stops to struggle with the devil is generally the loser. That friar who is running away from the devil is a wise man. He will be perfectly safe. It is those who dally with temptation who come to grief. Sometimes we hear of people falling over the precipice. Why? Simply because they have gone too near the edge. If we keep clear from the brink of danger we are safe from falling. Not difficult, eh? But forgive me, I would not appear to be preaching at you, my friend. I was merely pointing the obvious moral of the little pictures. . . . See, here is another funny one: Fra Juniper and his pig. Ha! Ha! you know that story, of course. A simple man, Fra Juniper, some would say a bit of a simpleton, but he always meant well, and it is, after all, our intentions that matter."

We reached the last page, a glorious *Laus Deo Semper* (Praise to God forever) in reds and blues and greens and burnished gold; then Father Seraphim closed the precious volume.

"Speaking of Brother Juniper reminds me," he said, "that we have a Brother Juniper in this monastery—

that is not his proper name, but during recreation the other novices often call him Juniper, just for short, shall we say? He is a fine stalwart lad. As meek as a dove and as wise as a serpent. No, that's too bad. Shall I tell you a story about him?"

"Do, please, if it is anything like those told about his namesake!"

"You shall judge for yourself, but, first of all let me put the *Fioretti* back into its box."

FATHER Seraphim crossed the book-lined room and after wrapping the manuscript in what looked like a remnant of an old brown habit, he carefully placed it in an oak chest. Returning, he sat down beside me.

"Well, first of all you must know that Brother Ugolino is a born mountain climber, and though he is now more especially studying ascetical ascents, he is still blessed with tireless physical energy—an excellent trait in a young man whose future days will be spent in a region like this. But as he can no longer climb mountains except when on errands of mercy, he seems to miss no opportunity of climbing ladders. And, after all, we cannot blame him? You know the Pope himself used to be a great mountain climber, and I believe he occasionally finds time to climb up into the dome of St. Peter's.

"Never again, as long as Brother Ugolino lives, shall we ever have a leaky roof, for he seems to know by

"Times were bad, and funds low, would not the good merchant—"



intuition whenever a tile gets loose, then up he goes as happy as a spring lark. Moreover, there are times when the hens fail miserably to provide the essential ingredient for an honest omelette, and on these occasions Brother Ugolino goes searching for storks' eggs."

Father Seraphim's chuckle was good to hear.

"Now, sad to relate, on the eve of *Laetare* Sunday—you know that comes in the middle of Lent, when the rigors of fasting are relaxed—the monastery's only really tall ladder broke asunder just as Brother Ugolino was descending from a visit to the storks' nests. Fortunately, no bones were broken, and only one egg was cracked. But the ladder! [Father Seraphim held up his hands and dropped them in mock despair.] The ladder was damaged beyond repair."

"After rubbing his head for rather a long time, Brother Ugolino went and informed the Father Superior, at the same time lodging a humble petition for a new ladder. Alas! times were bad, and funds were low, and the monastic exchequer could not rise to the cost of a new ladder. But to console the sorrowing lay brother, Father Superior—who has worn the habit of St. Francis for nearly two score years and ten, and consequently has a kindly heart and a sympathetic ear—reminded the novice of the "ladder fair:" that many wonderful ladders could be seen there; and, that if his ardent spirit yearned for a climb, perhaps one of the ladder merchants might gratify his own innocent, even though worldly, desire.

"Go, therefore, my son," said he, "to the Novice Master; he may wish you to go on some important errand to the fair." And so, raising his hand in blessing, he dismissed Brother Ugolino and turned again to his breviary.

"Now the Novice Master is also a man of quick sympathy—one who is imbued with the heavenly gift of understanding. He *did* want something fetched from the fair most urgently, and he soon dispatched Brother Ugolino on his business; not forgetting, however, to admonish him to tread circumspectly when ascending tall ladders for fear he might again endanger his precious young neck.

"I have reasons of my own for suspecting that Father Antonio, and some of the more venerable friars, care neither for the odor nor flavor of omelettes made from storks' eggs. He told me one day that he thought that Father Superior himself was inclined to be a trifle obscurantist—that he clung to medieval ideas on

the constitution of omelettes; therefore, it was not a sin against charity to think that the disaster to the old ladder was a blessing in disguise!

"But he is a wise man, is Father Antonio, and he kept his opinion to himself rather than dampen the ardor of the youthful economist.

"Brother Ugolino set out for the fair. For a few minutes I watched him and noticed his eager stride as he went down the mountain path. Never once did he stop, as he told me afterwards, to gather blue gentian as he did in the days before he was clothed in the seraphic habit. When he came to the market place the first thing he saw was a superbly tall ladder made of beautiful white spruce. I can imagine the look of longing that came into his eyes. . . . not yet had he learned how to suppress all thoughts of covetousness or

even idle curiosity. So he ventured to enquire, in a nice friendly way, the price of the ladder. The answer somewhat saddened him, for assuredly, he thought, one could almost build a church with a steeple for so much money.

"A TRIFLE disconsolate, he turned his back on the big ladder and walked on for some minutes in meditative silence. Later on, when he raised his eyes from the ground, he saw what must have been the tiniest ladder in the fair. For a while he pondered, as Brother Juniper must have pondered before he made his onslaught on that poor inoffensive pig, then modestly approaching the ladder dealer he told him of the disaster at the monastery. He meekly repeated the words of the Father Superior, 'times were bad and funds were low,' but would not the kind ladder merchant, for the love of St.



"There are times when the hens fail miserably to provide for the essential ingredient of an honest omelette, and on these occasions Brother Ugolino goes searching for storks' eggs."

Francis, give the monastery that very small and cheap ladder?

"Touched by Ugolino's child-like simplicity, after musing for a moment the man freely gave him the little ladder."

Father Seraphim gave vent to another deep chuckle, then went on:

"Joyfully did Brother Ugolino shoulder his slender burden, not forgetting to wish that St. Francis would shine his face toward the kind donor. Instead of marching home, however, he walked on till he saw a ladder just a little bit longer. Again he related the story of the disaster, this time inviting the merchant in honor of St. Francis to exchange the short ladder for one just so much longer."

With his chubby hands Father Seraphim indicated the height of about three treads.

"You will not be surprised," he continued, "to hear that a request made so humbly and so sweetly had the desired result."

"Carrying his new ladder for about the time it took to say five *Aves* and a *Paternoster*, Ugolino came to a part of the fair where longer ladders might be bought. Not as a man emboldened by a slight success, but as one inspired by a larger hope, he repeated his request for an exchange, not omitting to precede it with a simple reference to the disaster. The dealer laughed when Ugolino showed his bruised head, but that was solely on account of a passing human weakness, not because of any lack of feeling. He made very light of the request for an exchange, and told the novice that he was welcome to make his own choice."

"In like manner did Ugolino approach other ladder sellers till, by this process of graceful exchange, he obtained a ladder which was only a few rungs shorter than that superbly tall one made of beautiful white spruce—one which, Ugolino was convinced, would cost at least as much as the golden mitre worn by the bishop when he came to the monastery for a solemn profession."

FATHER Seraphim's sides were making a movement something like a pair of bellows, but he looked at me quite seriously as if to ascertain if I was rightly impressed. Apparently my face was registering a suitable expression, so the old man continued:

"Then with a calm confidence born of successive triumphs Ugolino slowly made his way to the chief ladder merchant. He rested his now heavy burden near that much-desired ladder, which was seen to be only a couple of rungs higher. He wiped his brow with the sleeve of his habit while the merchant awaited

him to speak. . . . 'Times were so bad, and funds so low, and so very often the hens failed miserably to fulfil the wise purpose for which they were created . . . and the main roof where the storks built their nests was so very high . . . and the only ladder . . . perhaps out of love for dear St. Francis the good and generous merchant might perhaps exchange'

"The merchant had set a rather high price on that big ladder, but when he compared one with the other there was not very much difference. And when the novice happened to rub his poor head the ladder man was moved almost to tears. Right readily he agreed to make the exchange. Moreover, he insisted on helping Brother Ugolino to carry the heavy ladder all the way up to the monastery!"

A deep-toned bell rang out from somewhere—probably up on the high roof where the storks built their nests.

Father Seraphim rose from his chair.

"Come, my friend," he said, "this is the hour we dine, and Father Superior bade me to invite you to share our frugal repast with us."

I thanked him, and accepted.

"But one minute," I said, "before we go to the refectory."

The old friar waited: there was merriment in his eyes.

"Well?" he enquired.

"Much as I have enjoyed your elevating story, I have a suspicion amounting almost to a moral certainty that . . ."

"Yes?"

"If I may express myself in non-liturgical language—I think you have been pulling my leg a bit!"

Father Seraphim chuckled again.

"Not often," he said, "do I get a chance to air my English. I cannot speak it like your John Ruskin used to write it, but my little story is 'substantially correct.'"

"Very well. But there is one thing you have forgotten."

"And that . . . ?"

"You thought it necessary to point the 'obvious moral' of the picture of the devil pursuing the friar; what, may I ask, is the moral of your story?"

"Ah, I know," he answered quickly, "*It's a light heart that carries a heavy ladder!*"

HE took my arm and we passed out of the library into the corridor which led to the refectory.

"One word to reassure you," he said, when we came to the door, "The hens have been functioning remarkably well this week."

The Heart of Mary

By Sister Mary Imelda, O. P.

"She regarded the sovereignest wisdom of His Godhead lapped in the dark words of His Manhood."—(Cloud of Unknowing.)

SHE pondered all things in her heart,
The Mother fair.
Ah! Would that I might read the thoughts
Enshrined there.

How often did she gaze on Him—
The Fount of grace,
The visible Reflection of
The Father's Face.

And wonder that the Source of joy
In tears should weep,
And God's Eternal Thought should smile
In childish sleep.

The Wisdom hid in God from all
Eternity
She learn'd by heart, caressing Him
Upon her knee;

And gently washed the little face
And hands of Him
Whose utter purity doth awe
The Seraphim.

What baby words did Mary teach
Her little One—
That Word Who was with God ere time
Had yet begun?

'Twould seem that "Abba" would be
lisp'd
Most easily
By Him Who did His Father's love
In all things see.

But when great Wisdom, twelve years
old,
Did question men
And seem to learn—ah! Mother, thou
Didst wonder then!

POROUS PLASTERS and WOODEN LEGS

By Ig Nikilis

Tubs or Sinks?

BATH-ROOMS, in the swankiest of our new apartment houses, will contain phones, radios and bookshelves.

An improvement or—nonsense?

Well—

While the body is soaking itself clean and wholesome, wouldn't it be fairly unseemly for the hand to reach out for a phone through which a jet of nasty gossip, say, could be spurted all over one's mind? And jazz, hardly seems to be the best of comminglers with one's ablutions.

As for book-shelves—well, if modern novelists, such as the usual best-sellers, to be much represented thereon, all one may say is that, the cleaner the physicality of our *de luxe* apartment bathers becomes, the more soiled their mentality is apt to be.

And then a crying need will be for plain psychological sinks.

Why So Ultra?

WHY all this *ultra* luxuriation of the bath anyhow? Cleanliness is still next to godliness; but such over-nice, perfumed attention to one's body which a great saint aptly knew as Brother Ass, may well be in the direction of devilishness. Not without point did the old Roman satirist warn: "He who smells good lives bad."

A Use for Everything

IT HAS been suggested that, while the depression is on, walnut or peanut shells be not thrown away. They should be saved and sent to Congressmen and columnists, and other such hard and mighty thinkers, for *chapeaux*. Trouble is, though, that they may prove too large.

Similes

AS SLY as the slipping of a button in the poor-box.

As tender as a mule's kick.

As restrained as a three-ringed circus.

As comforting as an oil-stove in Hades.

As synthetic as a chorus-girl's simplicity.

As prominent as a punched nose.

As big-hearted as a flea's tonsil.

As mysterious as a dish of boarding-house hash.

The Modern Magi

A GREAT mechanic of Detroit
Who surely knows his onions
On every topic has his say
From rhetoric to bunions;
On Prohibition he displays
A much deranged psychology—
But scarce a Solomon is he
When spouting on Theology.

A famed inventor whom we know
Evokes a gale of laughter
When he denies in unctuous tones
The Soul and the Hereafter.
He gives his views on watts and ohms,
The Sphinx and meteorology—
But who the deuce believes he knows
A thing about Theology?

With these savants and pundits we
Have got the literati
Denying God and Heaven and Hell
In proof that they are "batty;"
They write of Pan and Socrates,
The planets and necrology—
But how sublimely asinine
Their brochures on Theology!

O America!

DID you know:
That Katherine Gerould believes Al Capone fires the general imagination simply because he is so "gorgeously and typically American"? (No? Well, neither did we.)

That this gorgeous and typical American does his best to live up to such appreciation, by having pictures of George Washington and of Abraham Lincoln quite conspicuous on the walls of his sanctum? (What more might one-hundred-per-cent Americans want?)

That he dislikes publicity and yearns for a quiet life? What magnificent resistance!

That he gets as much fan mail per day as your favorite film star—the big sis! Yes. Ten thousand *billets doux* a week.

That gang pictures give him a pain in the neck and a laugh in the abdomen, and that he simply won't go in the talkies, *much as he needs the money?*

That only the very best or, at least, the most influential people can get into the presence of this personage of personages?

That he has more body-guards than a swill-bucket has flies, or a mangy dog has fleas?

Charity Covereth a Multitude of— Motives

WE ARE told by the editor of a New York daily that some clergymen wrote in to him with a request for Al Capone's address, and a confession of their intention to ask donations for good causes from this bad, bad man.

Twain's interpretation of tainted money—"Tain't yours, 'tain't mine"—should be supplemented with, "Tis sweet charity's." How strong a thing must be the virtue that could swallow these rancid financial oysters of Capone's without twitching an eyelash, and hold out its hand—or paw—in an effable little *Oliver Twist* appeal for more!

"No wonder," comments the editor, in regard to the worn-out and ripping Cloth which is ready to receive such vicious mending, "the rising generation goes motoring instead of to church."

A unique spectacle indeed, when savers of souls seek to clasp hands with destroyers of bodies and souls!

Nickels, Dimes, Quarters

INCIDENTALLY, however, this shocked editor—and others—would do well to rub their eyes and gaze in the direction of the innumerable churches, Catholic and Protestant, built and supported with the nickels, dimes and quarters of lowly toilers with high minds, and infinitely removed from the idea, necessity or temptation to solicit aid from any arch-enemy of society.

After all, decency has survived, to some degree, the great Gangster period of American social history.

What's Right With the Talkies?

EVIDENTLY the salaries, as far as some of those that actually get 'em are concerned.

P. G. Wodehouse, for instance, seems to have been paid \$100,000, and was assigned merely to write a few bits of dialogue for it! As for some of the other big European importations, receiving a mild wage of merely a thousand or so a week, they are said to have stolen away recently on a lengthy fishing-trip, without any of the sin-ema officials so much as noticing their absence. Yet we hear of the retrenchments and efficiencies which the depression has forced even

on America's wildest and lustiest industry! If this be economy and such, then the fellow that dunks his lonely two-cent doughnut in a cup of five-cent alleged coffee is guilty of astonishing extravagance.

The author of "Once in a Lifetime," the successful comedy about the Film-flam Folk, probably expressed as much truth as satire in his play when he had his hero, a writing-laborer in Gabble-land, threatened with a nervous breakdown from under-work.

The crowning piece of pecuniary genius à la Hollywood would be to pay fifty grand or more, not for a story, but for its title—and then change the title.

A Best Seller

IT is significant that one of the best of best-sellers just now happens to be a certain novel, the plot and incidentals of which are unmentionable. If this be any index, then the the high-mindedness of the general reading-public were even lower than the soil on which they walk.

In front of that ancient slaughterhouse, the Coliseum at Rome, stood a fountain in which gladiators used to lave their bloody hands. A national necessity in America may soon be a huge cool fount of holy water, in which writers and readers of best-sellers, after the massacre of morals in the arena of letters, might undevel their minds.

To Laugh and Be Laughed At

SUMMER is the season when a rash of Americans breaks out all over Europe. Parisians, throwing up their hands and smiling helplessly, vacate their precious city and turn it over to the funny foreigners—at an enormous consideration, of course.

"We can always spot Americans," remarked a native Frenchman in *Paree to Yours Truly*.

"How?"

"They look so queer."

The while these queer-looking representatives of the Land of the Free, exploring the Realm of the Spree, are almost bursting their flanks with suppressed laughter at the queer-looking little snail-eaters themselves!

A usual warm-weather pastime in Paris is to commandeer a sidewalk chair and table in the Rotonde or Café du Dome and watch the freaks of the Latin Quarter, while the latter watch the freaks that are watching.

It's all so beautifully mutual, democratic and intelligent! It quite justifies the fact that over twenty thousand young men and women from America annually cross the ocean. Does it not?

Echo: *Not*.

Right!

"THE more alive you are," declares Henry the Ford-th, "the more eagerly interested you are in what you're doing and the less sleep you need." And there's not a New York gangster, or anybody else that's good and busy making his tenth million, who won't agree with him.

Retaliation

WHEN the French franc was worth only about two cents in 1926, American tourists, over there, 'tis said, used to paste the cute little pastel papers on their bags and stick them on bus windows as labels.

Now that the franc has reached the value 'almost of a nickel, the French take much joy in plastering nice little taxes all over the pleasure of your tourists in La Belle France.

Plastered in Paris, so to speak.

Out of Line

THE American student, visiting Europe, spends, on an average, six hundred dollars for a jaunt of less—often, much less—than three months. The yearly salary of a full professor in the Sorbonne is said to be about 15,000 francs, or \$600. Thus the one puts out as much in a few months of mostly vain pursuit of culture, as the other is paid for having and dispensing culture all the year round.

Figure it out for yourself.

Ought to Know

"AFTER the advent of Prohibition," declares Commander Evangeline Booth, "nine-tenths of the drunkenness in the United States disappeared." How long after? At any rate, the nine-tenths, plus the remaining fraction, seems to be very much back again—at least around three o'clock in the morning. But, of course, the good Commander and her camel cohorts are asleep at that hour and, when awake, are too busy exulting over the passing of the saloon to be bothered about the substitution of the "speakeasy."

Our second most popular national pastime is playing ostrich. Isn't it, Miss Booth?

Similes

EXPANSIVE as a politician's reply in the heat of an argument.

Soft as a siren's assault on a bank-roll.

Kind to your skin as a hair shirt and an attack of hives.

As self-effacing as a movie close-up.

Gully as the odor of crushed flowers in a taxi-cab.

Just as Well

HENRY FORD is of the opinion that, if all the men over fifty in the world get out of it, there would not be experience enough left to run it. We might add that, as far as the men under fifty let themselves be guided by that experience, all the men over fifty might as well go ahead and get out of the world.

American Industries

U. S. STEEL—GRAFT
AMERICAN CAN—FORD, CHEVROLET
AND WHIPPET COS.
AMERICAN SMELTING AND UNREFINING—POLITICS AND SCANDAL-SHEETS
NATIONAL POWER AND LIGHT—BILLY SUNDAY AND AIMEE McPHERSON
INTERNATIONAL COMBUSTION—TOM HEFLIN
AMERICAN HOME PRODUCTS—(Gone out of business)
CONSOLIDATED GAS—CONGRESS

No Market

THE public appetite for prunes is apparently on the wane. Calvin Coolidge no longer writes his daily article for the papers.

Recurrent Tragedy

THE Rev. George Reid Andrews, as chairman of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, is said by Will Hayes to have demanded ten per cent of the gross receipts from the picturization of our Savior's life, entitled *The King of Kings*.

The tinkle of silver is still heard in the most sacred of tragedies. Judas was the first, but not the last, to capitalize Christ. And the original thirty pieces of silver have grown, by compound interest, into a fortune at which Grand Kleagles, Hebrew movie-magnates, de luxe preachers and decadent clergymen in general, keep clutching.

The stage is larger; so is the stake; nevertheless the essentials of the betrayal remain the same. *But—*

Still, as of old,

Man by himself is priced:

For thirty pieces

Judas sold himself, not Christ.

Polar Sob

AN Eskimo is said to have gone violently insane after seeing a movie for the first time away up there. The only difference, away down here, is that people keep on seeing 'em.

The Remedy

ORATOR: Ah what do I—you—we all!—need in order to estop this throbbing in our souls, our hearts, our heads! What can ease this universal quivering of pain?

Voice from Back of Hall: Ever try an aspirin, Big Boy?

THE PROVINCIALISM

By Theodore Maynard of PROTESTANTISM

ALL Catholics, I think, will understand what I have in mind, and know that I do not wish to point my moral with a reference to the eccentricities of doctrine or practice of some obscure cult, or even to anti-Catholic animus: Protestantism is in its most gracious aspect, among its most highly cultivated and tolerant adherents, an essentially provincial affair.

It did not begin as such, however. The reformers of the sixteenth century, though they were dissatisfied with the existing order of things for many various (and sometimes directly opposite) reasons, had at least in their minds the Catholic idea of universality. They fully supposed that they were going to capture the Church, and remold it to their heart's desire. It was only when it became apparent that they were merely to filch away certain sections of Christendom, and that, moreover, there could be no unity among themselves, that they barricaded themselves in the territory they had won.

THE Lutherans introduced the novel principle of *Cuius regio ejus religio*, making the faith of the people follow that of the sovereign, but even where the principle was not formally stated it had to be adopted as a practical necessity. Nowhere can we see so clearly as in England the new religion imposed by force of secular authority upon the subjects of the Crown.

Let us therefore not bother to stress the vagaries of (say) the Mugletonians or the Seventh Day Adventists; we need go no further than the Church of England, as by law established.

It so happens that, though an Englishman and a convert, I was never a member of the Anglican establishment, and therefore can speak with perfect impartiality about it. Indeed, it was only after I had become a Catholic that I came to have some acquaintance with the literature which advances the Anglican claims. Looking now at my national church I can see much in it to admire: the learning and piety that have given it so much lustre, its dignity—I might add its worldly glory—and its superb liturgy. The fact that the piety is nourished by such ele-

ments of Catholicism as it happens to have retained, and that its liturgy is largely a translation of the Missal and Breviary, does not lessen, in my eyes, the credit to Anglicanism for having preserved them.

YET for all that decorum and decency, and a tradition that has been in its way an excellent thing, I feel now more than ever before the fundamental limitations, the provincialism, of the institution. Catholics invariably find that they have immeasurably more in common with Anglicans than with any other variety of Protestants; nevertheless it is among these admirable people that they feel provincialism to be most deeply rooted.

In America, of course, Anglicanism is not numerically very important. Only too often it is regarded as an exclusive social club, membership of which gives standing in the community. This is because of its connection with the English established church. It likes to think of itself as a piece of British respectability transplanted in America, and gives itself vague aristocratic airs. If it cannot exactly demonstrate its pedigree from Burke's Peerage, at least it can (and does) possess something of that English social tone and tradition which is so much admired by many Americans. But these things, though good in their proper places, have obviously nothing to do with religion. To repose upon them in religion is to prove in the strongest fashion the very thing I am talking about.

In England where the legal establishment buttresses Anglicanism (though that support is not nearly so secure as it once was) it is possible to regard Catholics as rather vulgar interlopers. It is possible, that is, if an Englishman can dismiss from his mind his national history. In any event it is quite ridiculous. Archbishop Benson had a way of referring to the Catholic Church as "the Italian Mission." And Robert Stephen Hawker, who died in the Church, called Catholics "Romish dissenters." But this is to say in effect, "No doubt Catholicism is the proper thing in Catholic countries, but Anglicanism is the proper thing for England." And this is the most

emphatic affirmation of the provincial basis.

I have taken Protestantism in its more attractive form to illustrate my case. There is another sort of Protestantism, which is anything but attractive, which is provincial in the same way that a man brought up in the narrow society of a small town is likely to be provincial. But this is mainly a question of education and manners. The malignant hatred of Catholicism so often rampant among the Protestants of such communities indicates deplorable breeding, but it does not spring from any serious moral fault.

I do not call a man provincial, therefore, merely because, knowing no better, and suffering from a prejudice which he could have escaped by nothing short of a miracle, he has an animosity against the Church. I prefer to pick my instances of provincialism from among men of light and leading, who should know better.

THAT very saintly man, the English Dominican, Father Bertrand Wilberforce, was once asked how it was that his uncle, the Bishop of Oxford (irreverently known as "Soapy Sam"), has never followed the example of his brothers, among the most distinguished converts at the time of the Oxford Movement. "Well," he replied, "my uncle was immensely curious about everything that he heard of. If some one mentioned an insect of a rare species he would at once dash off to a book of reference to find out all about it. But he would not walk across the street to learn anything about Catholicism."

Now this I believe to be a much narrower frame of mind than that of the most belligerent anti-Catholic. And it is precisely such illiberality that is the mark of the provincial. He is perfectly satisfied with the little that he knows, and assumes that everything else is not worth knowing. For purely personal reason I feel very kindly towards certain fierce anti-Catholics. This is because my first interest in the Church was awakened by them. A mendacious lecture by an "ex-nun," and the novels of the late and (by me) lamented Joseph Hocking, read in my

early youth, by the grace of God, made a Catholic of me. What I am more disposed to deplore is the attitude of a man so erudite and kindly as Charles Lamb. He writes on March 25, 1829, to Bernard Barton: "I have brought home, from stalls in the Barbican, the old Pilgrim's Progress with the prints—Vanity Fair, etc.—now scarce. Four shillings. Cheap. And also one of whom I have oft heard and had dreams, but never saw in the flesh—that is in the sheepskin—the whole theologic works of THOMAS AQUINAS!"

"My arms ached with lugging it a mile to the stage, but the burden was a pleasure, such as old Anchises was to the shoulders of Æneas—or the Lady to the Lover in old romance, who having to carry her to the top of a high mountain—the price of obtaining her—clamber'd with her to the top, and fell dead with fatigue.

"O the glorious old Schoolmen! There must be something in him." But of course Lamb never tried to find out what that was. Here is a sincerely good and religious man—and he has obviously not the faintest concern in trying to inform himself what St. Thomas may have to say about the Faith.

THIS is merely one example. I could cite dozens of others if I had time, using people so gifted and amiable as Dickens and Trollope, yes, and Browning—for all his intellectual curiosity in certain aspects of Catholicism—to establish my point. There is a certain smug frivolity always cropping up among them regarding the most important of all questions. The incidental fact of the splendor of High Mass in St. Peter's, the print and binding of the *Summa*—these may be mildly exciting but they are never stirred enough to make any effort to go to the root of the matter. They remain rooted in their provincialism.

I will offer one more illustration of the levity of which I complain. Gibbon while a boy became a Catholic, and was at once sent off by a horrified father to the house of a Calvinistic minister at Lausanne, not to imbibe Calvinism but to purge himself of his Catholic infection. Gibbon writes in his Autobiography of this crisis in his life: "I was willing, and I am now willing, to allow him a handsome share of the honour of my conversion; yet I must observe that it was principally by my private reflections; and I can still remember my solitary transport at the dis-

covery of a philosophical argument against the doctrine of transubstantiation: that the text of scripture, which seems to inculcate the real presence, is attested only by a single sense—our sight; while the real presence itself is disproved by three of our senses—the sight, the touch, and the taste. The various articles of the Romish creed disappeared like a dream."

We might make allowance of such callow self-satisfaction in a boy, but Gibbon records it all, with high approval of his own dialectical ingenuity, late in life. If it is too much to expect that he should have read "the whole theologic works of Thomas Aquinas," he might at least have taken a glance at the *Adoro Te* before coming to so inept a conclusion:

*"Visus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur,
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur,
Credo quiddid dixit Dei Filius,
Nil hoc veritatis verbo verius."*

Taste and touch and vision, all are here deceived,
But the hearing only may be well believed;
All that Christ has spoken I accept in sooth,
For no word is truer than the word of Truth.

A Layman Looks at Science

By Edward L. Coveney

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

COOK on a tear,
Second maid out;
Mistress don't care,
Master a lout.
Spiders on ceiling,
Ants on the floor,
Mice in the pantry,
Roaches galore.
Mange on the kitten,
Fleas on the pup,
Vermin in chambers,
Moths higher up.
Everyone working,
As if for dear life,
Save the cook
And the maid
And the man
And his wife.

A FREUDIAN COMPLEX

CATTLE are our blood relations;
Fish are cousins once removed;
Hence forbidden are such rations,
Or is cannibalism proved.

We condemned thee, Daddy Darwin, Heretofore, a fish or cutlet,
For god-fathering such a void; In our dreams or on the fire,
Yet we find its strictures gentler Was explained by honest hunger;
Than the complex of a Freud: Now it's repressed sex-desire.

THE ENERGY OF ATOMS

A SWARM of fair electrons, negative and naughty,
Once lured a neutral atom, celibate and haughty;
As on and off they flitted, more positive it grew
That, make or break, electrons were dynamic and new.
Into a life so static, of no potential range,
Had come a force magnetic that wrought a wondrous change:
Infectious was the tension, every atom caught the spark,
And soon they all were jazzing in a galvanistic arc.
Ever since, in every atom you can hear electrons sing,
Crooning oscillating music while the atoms "Highland Fling."

TIN GODS

By
W. J. Blyton

AND THE LIMIT

THE editor of a daily newspaper haled me to his room with an urgency different from the usual. "Look at this," he said and held out the "filmsy" of what in newspaperdom is called a wonderful story from Paris.

It told of a prominent actress who had taken it upon herself to poison her lover from the most humanitarian motives. He had for some time suffered from cancer, and, looking on impotently as the pain became acute in the last few days, she had decided to end it, mixing the death potion with his invalid food. She had been duly arrested after giving herself up to the police, and at this moment emotional crowds were pullulating outside the court.

"It's got every merit as a story," remarked the editor with the quiet, sensuous satisfaction of a connoisseur who knew his job and the crowd mind. "But it can't go in by itself," he added. "This is the Topic of the week; everyone will be writing in about it. And it needs an article for the leader page, on 'the right to end suffering.' You've got views. You might do it now."

I had something far more than views. At that same moment I had a daughter at home, who that morning had been seen by two distinguished specialists. One had come out of the bedroom to me on the landing with that far-away look in the eye and pursed his lips into something like the letters: "U. P."

Unknown to him, I was facing the identical problem which the actress had solved in her own fashion.

It was because I had "views" indeed that I was not crazy now and that I could just manage to sit down there and write the article which follows. It was done, I warn you, amid the distant pulsing thunder of printing presses, the zzzzz-zing of tape-machines and the coming and going of printers' messengers for copy and proofs.

This is what I got down on paper that night:

Now and then someone intensely dear to one is visited by some acute and long-drawn illness with

pain which (so the doctor thinks) will in time end in death: but not yet. "Death will be lingering," he says.

The survivor stands helplessly by. What is to be done?

Let us come to grips with this tremendous question without unreality. I am able to do so myself because this is just the question of my life at this very moment. The young daughter, who is the light of my own life, lies near death's door, and her condition blots out most other thoughts.

First, what each of us will want to do will depend, not on the law of the land only, but on what our views of the universe are—the meaning of life, the use of suffering, the duty of accepting the seeming evil as well as the obvious and many goods from the Supreme Disposer. There is "the sacredness of Life," after all a miraculous, dignified Something with a source and an end beyond us.

Christianity again pronounces as an infallible decree (and the Church in 2,000 years history knows something about suffering—she is built on an "agony and passion") that they are "presumptuous and cursed" who take life, no matter how they explain the deed to themselves. The specialist at the bedside told me that I must hope that the little one should be released; death seemed to him the one way out. "But we are doctors," he added, "and our sacred duty is cure—not euthanasia or removal."

I WILL not insult the intelligence of readers by explaining what I have been through. The weak human heart, in its pity, would rush to use a drastic method of administering death. I would, too—if unsupported by other considerations. What are they?

First, note this. Suddenly under strong narcotics the worst of the pains and other manifestations eased off. Not that there is yet hope in her life; but, as the character in *The Doctor's Dilemma* says, "You never can tell."

They cannot tell. And to give doctors (and still more private relatives distraught by sorrow) the power to

kill or retain would be a gigantic revolution in our human scheme. Without doubt it would rapidly be abused. The motives for it would become more numerous and more frequently invoked!

Then at a blow all doctors would forfeit the uttermost confidence of the very ill; that is plain, to begin with. The moment the doctor entered the sick chamber of a very serious case the patient would necessarily surmise possibilities which today are worlds away from his thoughts. Even if euthanasia was not contemplated—and he was verbally assured it was not—trust would unavoidably be undermined. This simple fact proves that the two types of activity, the doctor's and the undertaker's, will never mix or go parallel.

I CHEERFULLY prophesy therefore that it will never happen. All the distinguished doctors I know cannot even afford to talk about it.

But there is another happy side to this question which popular sentiment overlooks. Pain can successfully and legitimately be lessened and avoided by the resources of medical science, and these are in fact freely drawn upon now in extreme cases. It is against no law, Divine or human, to administer, under conscientious medical safeguards, drugs and anodynes from Nature's boundless pharmacopoeia.

(1) Under these many hypnotics the mysterious, the unguessed at and incredible resources of recovery in the frame may just win through at long last and happy life return. Miracles still happen. In that case the impatience and folly of the lethal way out is seen at once.

(2) Or death may supervene just the same, but more softly, gradually and unconsciously. And in that case we know we have given mysterious and patient Nature every chance and not "cut the thin-spun life." And secondly, our motive all the time has been pure, not anti-social, not hasty, emotional or desperate. Without any more suffering or hardly any we have then achieved the same results.

Is this nothing? I doubt if it is necessary for a parent, a spouse or a child to have a vivid hold of any Christian belief to take this solemn and heroic choice, though, of course, in these crises we are—whether we want it or not—up against the supernatural all the time. People then cry out on God, one way or another, who never utter His name at other times.

Emotion and human affection grip you fearfully at these crises, but they are not necessarily the best or the only counsellors. Pity may hurl us into sheer unwisdom, and crimes may be done in its name, as in that of liberty.

"Windy" About Suffering

THAT is what I dashed off that night, and letters indeed poured in commenting variously upon the article. I forget what they said. I was soon too occupied on the scene of the struggle for a life. The whole detailed history of the case (which was one of acute and dangerous meningitis—I spare you particulars) is known to two living and brilliant specialists and through them to the medical fraternity. It happened that Extreme Unction was administered and a powerful narcotic given. Within a few hours the patient—to the amazement of the doctors—rapidly left the crisis behind. Within a month she was up and about.

I hurl no theories at you. I do not even choose to advertise what I think about it all. My job is to give you as hard a case as you are ever likely to meet and leave your honesty to walk round and inspect it at leisure. Perhaps you will share my gladness that euthanasia had not become the fashion at that time? Because, you know, if it had a majority of sensitive moderns would have reached out for the phial then if ever.

I am sorry if this is a libel on my period. But, to go by people's talk, writing and behavior, it looks as though we were more "windy" about organic suffering nowadays than we are about anything else—sin, for instance, or a difficult moral crisis or a seemingly forlorn hope. There is little stomach for these things, and there is an instant impulse to take the short cut. There are millions who won't go to the end of a passage any more than they will go to the end of an argument. It is curious, but you must have noticed that at the very moment when we want, many of us, to abolish the death penalty for *malefactors* we are proposing death for extreme *invalids* and are tending to condone self-destruction.

I won't theorize again: simply look at the shifting emphasis of feeling. As shrewd old men of the northern moors have said to me about other

developments: "It may be all right, but it will do w! watching!" There is perhaps a softening going on in various quarters; the causes both internal and external. It would be silly not to take notice of it if it exists.

We have a right to considerable powers over living things, but the complete disposal of innocent human life is best left to the final Giver of that life. All moves possible should be ours except the last decisive one: *that* might be left to the invisible Partner, since the game is (as my story shows) never lost till the last card is shown. So impulsive is human nature, however, that the very sound advice, "Wait and see," in a crisis we couldn't control, ruined a certain statesman: it did not chime with the panic of the moment.

There is just now a current cant in literature about suffering which helps to magnify, produce and increase the occasions of it. The new method of our discouragers is, while mocking the idea that on the whole life is worth living for man and beast, to avoid at all costs boring people by any show of earnestness such as a Schopenhauer or a Huxley would express on such topics and still less contest the ground inch by inch with despondent humors.

In his book on Proust, Mr. Clive Bell says:

"If Proust avoided those messy pits into which most modern creators—Dickens, Hugo, Balzac, Dostoevsky—have fallen, that may have been because a philosopher was ever at hand to remind him that the one wholly good gift the gods have given man is *death*."

Current Patter

THIS is the very best and latest manner; the Polite Profound. Is it sincere? I dare not say no: but it is significant that one has to ask the question.

"Life is a business," we are told, "which, whether you try to make the best of it or whether you let it rip, remains irremediably bad." "Only by being dead can Proust escape from life."

And so on. A clever book: full of the current patter which is responsible for much of the contemporary stimulation of nerve and mind—along with weakening of the fibre. (Many fools have said that; and the fools are right.)

Principally a Little Soul

THE masses are much more Spartan and Christian than the classes, whose nerves are sodden with theories and tendentious fiction. It is nearly always the comfortable and those on the edge of perfection who make the most noise. What they need (apart from a little more soul) is experience; a crisis revealing the limit of real things—the throttling shock with which a folly comes to the end of its tether.

There are some things which we dare not control; we cannot be tin gods and decide our exits any more than our entrances. We have freedom, but there's a Limit. The whole point about us is that we are creatures and not absolute disposers. I share Alfred Noyes' hope about one of the nicer victims of this cult of the new fear and depreciation of life: "If he could only break away from this pseudo-modernity and pseudo-intellectualism; if he could just once defy his own age instead of defying the dead Victorians; if he could shock the Vicar (who reads Proust) by quoting Longfellow (there's better stuff than Proust ever dreamed of in the sonnets on Dante) I should feel that he was really his own self, instead of a variation on a current theme. One does get so sick of the conventional notion that, because its conventions aren't those of the last century, it has no convention of its own."

The Unwelcome Guest

By Annette S. Driscoll

PAIN took up his abode with me;
I did not bid him stay;
He has no winning looks or ways,
I bade him go away.

But still he lingered at my side,
Through weary days and nights;
In vain my cold, repellant air,
In vain were all my slights.

But when at last he went away,
I found, to my surprise,
That he had brought me many gifts,
Though hidden from my eyes.

For I was blind, and did not grasp
The mystery of pain.
O may my vision clearer be
When he shall come again!

THE MAN AT A DISTANCE

By Daniel B. Pulsford

Illustrations by W. Rhodes

THERE looms behind the Tragedy of Calvary the shadow of a man who never himself appears upon the stage, and that man, unseen though he be, is a dominating influence. It was his name which shook Pilate's resolution when the crowd cried, "Thou art not Caesar's friend." It was of him they were thinking when the members of the Sanhedrin in council exclaimed, "If we let Him alone so, all will believe in Him and the Romans will come, and take away our place and nation."

Throughout the narrative, though never once do you hear his voice or catch sight of his face, you feel him at hand. To this distant province he was an ever-present reality. It is evidence of the authority exercised by the occupant of the imperial throne that, without our modern means of speedy communication, he could yet govern by means of the fear his name inspired.

Caesar was no figment to be conveniently forgotten by those out of his sight. He was the god of their little world. Reports went ceaselessly to and fro between the capital and its outlying domains. Messengers hurried to Rome with grievances or questions in a never-ending stream. And forth from the presence of the empurpled autocrat went envoys carrying commands which must be, on peril of one's life, obeyed.

The Gospels lift but the corner of the curtain which hides this imperial world, but had they raised that curtain we should have seen Judea as a remote but integral part of a system which had its all-dominating center at Rome and we should realize that nothing could happen there that had

not the cognizance and approval of Caesar.

Of late authority had tightened its hold upon the provinces. Tiberius, the successor of Augustus and the second Emperor to sway that mighty sceptre, was bent on centralization. Executions for lese-majesty increased during his reign. He was determined that the office he held should prove a reality. Slackness in his subordinates was not to be tolerated. Any viceroy who attempted an independent policy was speedily reminded of his inferior position. The Senate itself was taught its place, while the efficiency which Augustus had introduced into the various government departments was still further increased.

He was not a happy man, this Tiberius. Hard and secretive by nature they call him—one of those men who for all their ability fail to arouse popular enthusiasm. And this failure reacted on him, driving yet more in upon himself. Only one man, Sejanus, knew his mind. To all others he wore an impassive mask. The general public never saw him unbend, did not know that he could unbend.

HE had much to sour him. There were conspiracies against his son, Drusus, whom he wished to succeed him—conspiracies in which his second wife, the notorious Julia, played a prominent part. And Sejanus, the one trusted friend, was mixed up in the affair. There was a miserable tangle of illicit love involving both Julia and this betrayer. It was a sordid business altogether.

Rome was not a happy place in

those days. At the time when Divine Holiness walked the Galilean hills and all the world seemed born again and to be breathing the atmosphere of a heavenly spring, lust and treachery and dour reserve were tainting the sunshine of the capital. Suspicion whispered in dark corners. None knew on whom the imperial wild beast, suffering from his domestic wounds and nursing his wrongs in a hard silence, would next spring.

TIBERIUS went off at last to the Island of Capri, some say to indulge his own private debaucheries, more likely to get out of hearing of whispering tongues. Sin and misery have their hermitages as well as holiness, and Capri was one of them. It is probable that it was there the lonely figure of the Emperor might have been observed amid scenes of pagan luxury and splendor which did nothing to lighten his gloom, when on a certain day, his soldiers were nailing to a criminal's cross in far-off Judea the Incarnate Son of God.

What the washing of his hands was to Pilate residence in the island looking on to the magnificent bay of Naples was to Tiberius. Surely if anywhere he could get out of the world and forget its responsibilities, it was in this lovely spot! Islands have ever been the refuge of the disillusioned.

"Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of Misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on."

sang Shelley. It is in the fancied security of sea-hemmed solitudes that the dreamers of Utopias have

fixed the scene of their imagined Paradises.

"Out of sight is out of mind," says the proverb. If only we could insulate ourselves from the sins of mankind by retreating to some such natural solitude, contenting ourselves with the innocent society of sky and waves, trees and sunny valleys, all, we fancy, would be well. Weary of intrigue, suffering from the canker of suppressed anger, smarting from the humiliation of betrayal, one may picture the imperial hermit soothed for awhile by the lapping of the water against the rocks, by the grandeur of the panorama stretched out before his eyes and by the exchange of leafy retreats for the buzz of courts.

Yet Vesuvius on the horizon of his landscape was not the only volcano which smoked. There were somnolent volcanoes in his own heart and potential outbreaks in the world he had forsaken which refused to be forgotten. And did there come to Capri one day a messenger bringing among other State papers a report from the pro-consul in Judea? Tiberius spreads the paper out before him. His head aches, but he must read. Palestine is far away, but he must know what is going on there, for he is Emperor and means to be such in deed as in name. Therefore he bends his tired eyes to the parchment.

WHAT is this? "... threatened rising—one of their so-called Messiahs—hailed by His followers as God and claiming to be the world's Deliverer—a marvelous Man but the cause of much mad dissension. Remembering your strict injunctions to put down all sedition and having made careful enquiry concerning Him, I had Him crucified—Pontius Pilate."

If Tiberius read any such words as these did there come to mind those lines in which Virgil had foretold the coming of a World-Deliverer

"From high heaven
Now is a new and nobler race sent
down,
Do thou O chaste Lucina! favors
show
Unto the infant Boy—through whom
the age
The iron age shall end, the golden
age
Rise glorious throughout th' awak-
ened world."

Did some faint intuition suggest the magnitude of the Event his pro-consul recorded and was the sunshine on the hill-sides of Capri somehow dimmed that day by the news from Judea, and did the Emperor reflect that even here he was haunt-

ed by the responsibilities of his position—responsibilities that were growing too heavy for his weary shoulders?

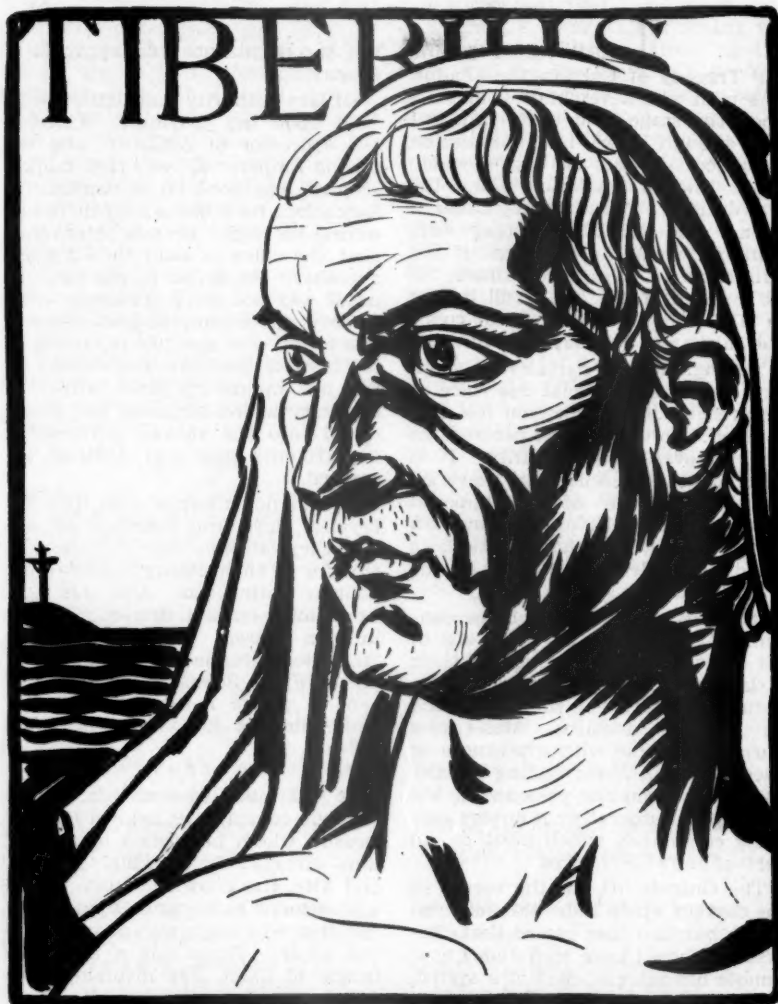
THESE are hazardous guesses. For, despite the tradition that, later, he called upon the Senate to place Christ among the gods, we know nothing. All that we do know with certainty is that it was under his authority that Christ the Lord was crucified.

Jerusalem is some five hundred miles from Italy. Do those five hundred miles exonerate the Emperor from all blame for what took place on the rocky ledge of Golgotha? Surely we have no right to drag him into an occurrence so far removed from his personal knowledge and oversight. Can he be said to be an actor in a drama of which at the time he was ignorant? If ever there was a case for pleading an *alibi* it is, one would think, this one. Officially

it might be said that he was ultimately responsible, but—personally? Yet look at the other side to the question.

It is proverbially hard to indict a corporation, a society, a nation. Yet historians have not hesitated to do so. England bears the blame for her age-long oppression of Ireland. Spain has been stigmatized as cruel on account of her treatment of the Indians in America. The government of Rome compared with that of many Oriental Empires was humane and tolerant. But military powers are not in the habit of ruling by kindness.

How ruthless Rome could be when she saw her dominion threatened, the history of the Jews themselves shows. The siege of Jerusalem was probably one of the bloodiest on record. In fact, the imperialism of which Tiberius was the head was an iron despotism, organized for con-



The Emperor Tiberius, during whose reign Christ was Crucified.

quest, a society morally rotten at the core and dependent for supplies upon tens of thousands of slaves. The men who maintained its far-flung boundaries were mercenaries whose trade was fighting and killing.

The Empire had reached the stage in which the machinery of government is too big for those who run it. The days of powerful personalities were over. It was an age of vast ambitions and small men. Demoralization had set in, destroying the old hardihood, the primitive patriotism of the heroic past. A materialistic outlook and the irritable nervousness of peoples who feel their strength ebbing marred the temper of its officials, producing the obstinacy and impotence of men like Pilate.

Officially Tiberius was the head of this system. But that does not altogether explain him. It was his boast that he was no mere figure-head. It was his ambition to be a real force. He claimed full personal and individual responsibility. His subordinates were taught to regard themselves as his tools. He cannot be exempted therefore from some share in their doings. A constitutional king may be excused for what his ministers do, but a dictator must bear the burden of their guilt, and Tiberius was a dictator.

UNFORTUNATELY for him and the world, his character was not equal to the strain of such a position. His narrow egotism compares unfavorably with the vast designs he cherished. His domestic life, as we have seen, was sordid, and this could not but poison the whole organism of which he was the center. He might hide himself in Capri, but that neither isolated him from the spirit of his age nor prevented his personal influence infecting with its morbid virus the civilization he ruled.

Invisible lines of communication linked him on to the Procurator who judged Jesus. It was the fear which his name had created in the minds of Roman officials which, in the crisis, determined, even against his wife's entreaties, Pilate's final decision. It was Pilate's voice which said, "Take ye Him and crucify Him," but it spoke with Tiberius' accent.

It is one of the drawbacks of great empires that in the nature of things the power which governs is not in immediate contact with the governed. And this encourages an impersonal attitude and a callousness which would be impossible in government on a smaller scale. Things are done at a distance and through intermediaries, the blame being shared by a host of agents, which could never be done directly. Bureaucracy dulls the sense of respon-

sibility. Human values are ignored. Red tape strangles conscience and feeling. Those at the head issue orders the effects of which they do not see.

WE can observe the same thing operating in the vast systems of modern commerce and industry. There was a time when the individual employer and the craftsmen he employed lived under the same roof and were as members of the same family. It was a human arrangement and calculated to preserve just and wholesome relations. But today the real employer, the boards and corporations, the shareholders and even the management itself, may never come into living contact with those by whose efforts their wealth is created.

It is this depersonalizing of industry, accompanying as it does the mechanization of the actual processes of labor, which is the dangerous thing. It is so easy to shift the guilt in these large concerns. In our speculations we avail ourselves of organizations through which we are enabled to buy and sell properties we have never seen and with them the lives of men and women of whose conditions we know nothing.

Money itself by its very character prevents us from realizing the nature of the deeds we do with it. A wallet packed with notes tells no secrets as to how it was gained or of the value it represents. It may stand for golden corn fields, but it carries no suggestion of sun or wind. The shares of a shipping firm give no

token of ocean spray; still less do they speak of sun-tanned men in distant ports and of the heaving wastes of water amid which they have had to fight for their lives.

There was no stain of blood visible on the shekels weighed out to Judas as the price of his Master by which the nature of his bargain could be guessed.

We are all today in the position of Tiberius. We may mutilate or kill men whom we have never seen and do it with an easy conscience because the deed is wrought by other hands than ours and in lands beyond our sight. We wage deadly warfare with long range artillery and, because we do not hear our shells explode or witness the tearing of limb from limb they cause, follow the unbroken routine of our comfortable lives without remorse. A ballot paper or a check may pull the trigger of death-dealing causes. But we are far from the scene where they take effect.

Is there in us some such hidden corruption as that which the imperial Hermit of Capri carried with him? Then, as the world is organized today, politically and financially, we cannot say in what distant scene that corruption is going to produce its due harvest. History may not credit us, any more than it has credited Tiberius, with the remote effects of the evil in our hearts. But the verdict of history must be governed largely by appearances. Beyond the tribunal of history sits One Who judges justly and according to full realities.

HARVEST

By Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

I MUST go out to the harvest white; to the fields full fair as May.

And all I ask is a high hope in my heart, where a dream is hidden away,

And Thy soul's thirst, and Thy heart's love, (Thy clear voice pleading)

And a field white, and the cruel sight of Thy bruised heart bleeding.

I must out to the harvest, Lord, for I yearn to reap for Thee.

Now give me souls and Thy thirst for souls, and the suffering that may be.

Let perils come, and the blistering sun, and 'black death' grinning,

But a field white is a glad sight; aye, and a prize worth winning.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE. By Enid Dinnis. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. \$1.50.

Miss Dinnis's stories, so many of which we have met with in the pages of *THE SIGN*, are here collected in book form and make a delightful little volume that should prove a welcome gift to all of her many admirers. Miss Dinnis has the gift of making old things new. She writes in a form that, as usually treated, has become something of a drug on the market, especially of Catholic magazines, but with her genius for telling a story, her light, artistic touch, she has converted this somewhat threadbare medium into a delightful vehicle for humor and pathos so that there are very few of us who do not look forward with anticipation to each new effort of her pen. We who are familiar with her know her to be a mystic with many contacts with the unseen world of spirit, and this element in her character shows to high advantage in such stories as "The Mystery Over the Way" or "The Hidden Glory." It is a homely mysticism, however, and is always at its best and strongest in the tales of the simple Irish peasantry, that Miss Dinnis loves so much.

This is altogether a charming book and should be widely read.

STOUT CORTez. By Henry Morton Robinson. The Century Company. New York and London. \$4.00.

The reaction of the Catholic mind to such a book as Mr. Robinson's *Stout Cortez* is gratitude to the author for the eminent service he has done towards reestablishing for the English-speaking world the fair fame of the Spanish conquistadors, a service, be it remarked, largely without his knowledge and quite against his will.

Mr. Robinson writes in the Protestant tradition, the tradition of Prescott, a tradition determined to see in the Aztec only the noble and cultured patriot; in the Spaniard little more than the barbarous brigand with motives as base as those of his victim were noble.

But it is in the facts adduced by the author that the reader will perceive a very different story. Mr. Robinson's facts are far more voluminous and correct than those at the disposal of Prescott—we have learned much since then—and these facts serve to make more absurd and far fetched the case against the Spaniard and in favor of the Indian.

To be sure Mr. Robinson admires his chief character after a fashion; he dwells at length on the almost super-human courage, the well nigh incredible genius of Cortez, both as

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a leader and administrator, yet he sails gaily on in his anti-Catholic, anti-Spanish special pleading, though practically all the facts are in controversion of his own plea.

Let us be fair. Cortez was no saint, though his treatment of the conquered Indians seems mild when compared with, let us say, Cromwell's course in Ireland, but the fact remains he was no saint, and we must allow that his motives were mixed in character, that to other, better things he added a fierce desire for conquest and gold; that with his more excusable ambition to extend the Spanish power he mingled personal ambition. It is not with such judgments that we would quarrel, but with their over emphasis, with his interpretation of the basic motives of the leaders of both sides.

In his special pleading he contradicts himself time and again. For example, he speaks of the noble generosity of Montezuma in offering the hospitality of his capital to the terrible strangers, though in the immediately preceding paragraph he has been at pains to explain that the invitation was a ruse to lure them where they may more readily be slaughtered. Again, he is never weary of speaking of the great soul of Montezuma, though on his own showing he was an arrant coward and the pusillanimous betrayer of his own people. His zeal in defense of the Aztec leads him many times to the unjustifiable expedient of putting words in their mouths when in secret conclave when no man can ever know what it was they said.

But the secret of his fantastic thesis is not difficult to discover. It is not for any true admiration of the Aztecs, one of the most wholly cruel peoples that have ever disgraced humanity, that he labors in their defense, but that even their revolting culture is a good enough stick with which to beat Catholicism. Listen to him for a moment; he is speaking of Montezuma:

"He is obsessed with a passion for human sacrifice and personally offers a living holocaust of ten slaves a day upon the blood-drenched altar stone of Mexitli, god of war." These victims, be it noted, have their hearts cut from their living bodies, which are then turned over to the people for "dietary purposes." Yet in another place, in telling of the conversion of one of these "blood-stained" temples into a Christian chapel, he has this to say:

"Then the cleansing of the temples is begun. At Cortez's direction the walls are scraped and scoured until no spot of blood remains. A fresh coat of white stucco is laid on by native trowels, and a clean pine altar is made by the carpenters. On this altar is placed a gilded altar of the Virgin, loaded with sweet-smelling flowers. Within twenty-four hours the gory shambles has been transformed into a Christian chapel, superior in cleanliness at least to the nightmare it supplants." The italics are the reviewers.

Let us look at the facts quietly. There is no doubt that sympathy is due the Aztecs, as it is due any conquered people, but truly there is a word to be said on the other side. What, for instance, was it that made so many of the Indians welcome the conqueror of the Aztecs? The simple fact that the Aztecs had conquered and enslaved them and were using them in a manner to bring a shudder to the civilized mind. Again, what is the natural reaction of the Christian, Catholic or otherwise, to the cannibalistic rites of semi-savages—many of the Spaniards had been sacrificed in the pleasant manner described above? It is submitted that it is that of Cortez and his followers. There are civilized administrations in Africa today that find it necessary to suppress with a strong hand cannibalism, but it is to be doubted that Mr. Robinson disapproves.

There is another fact that the author notes but leaves out of his case against the Spaniards. It may not be ethical to conquer inferior peoples, but it certainly is true that one of the chief motives of these conquerors was the conversion of souls to a religion "at least" more cleanly than their own. Mr. Robinson bears witness to this in stating that in the first years of their labors the Franciscan and Dominican fathers baptized a million of the Indians.

As for the treatment of the conquered, it may be noted that they still live on in Mexico on at least a theoretical parity with their conquerors. But how shall we answer the question, Where now are the Iroquois?

THE OPEN DOOR TO POETRY, an Anthology by Anne Stokes. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.00.

For the modern busy man it is doubtless well that there should be painstaking people who are willing to cull the flowers of poetry that he would be unwilling, or unable, to seek out for himself. This is probably the reason that we have so many anthologies offered us today, and who

shall say but that they perform a valuable service to our hurried age.

In another anthology reviewed on this page it was suggested that the collector had not availed himself of many of the best sources open to him, but this at least cannot be said of Miss Stokes who has turned to many of the greatest names in English literature along with many who are not so great.

To the reviewer the anthology, when it covers so very wide a field, always gives somewhat the feeling conveyed by the great inclusive museums; it is a little confusing, a little oppressive, a little too diverse in mood and humor. One feels a trifle startled in turning from Rabindranath Tagore to Will Shakespeare or from Rudyard Kipling to Ralph Waldo Emerson, and that without a hint of criticism of any of them. Still, one may pick and choose according to his mood and not be disappointed, and that is a very good thing.

THE HEAVENLY ROAD. By Rosalie Marie Levy. Published by the Author, New York. 25 cents.

The Heavenly Road is a curious little volume written by a convert from Judaism to serve as a guide to others of her old belief who may be contemplating following in her footsteps. The first section is devoted to a very brief history of the Jews, and then the author turns to the life of Our Lord, of which she gives a résumé. One of the chapters contains an interesting comparison, given in parallel columns, of the prophecies made in the Old Testament and fulfilled in the coming and work of the Messiah. There is also a list of the non-Catholic bodies calling themselves Christian in the English-speaking countries, which, by the way, extends three pages, in two columns. Altogether the volume contains much that well repays a reading besides being a very handy reference book.

THE OBLATES' HUNDRED AND ONE YEARS. By Grace H. Sherwood. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

A very interesting chapter in the history of the Church in this country and the West Indies is contained in the story of the Colored Oblate Sisters here so convincingly told by Grace H. Sherwood. Historical events have strange repercussions, and the curious chain of circumstances that led from the French Revolution to the founding of the first religious society of Negroes in the world is one that holds an intense interest for us, so romantic and so illustrative of the curious workings of Providence is it.

The Oblates owed their origin to the offices of Father Joubert, a

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French priest who was forced to take refuge in Cuba at the time of the disturbances in San Domingo, where he was doing missionary work. Lat-

er, with many other refugees from that country, he came to the United States and settled in Baltimore. His interest in the cause of education among the colored people caused him to begin a mission among the slaves in that region and eventually to found the teaching community of the Oblates, the original members of which were four young colored women. The story of the remarkable growth of the Oblates from that small beginning during the one hundred and one years of their existence makes remarkably good reading.

THE TRIPLE DEMISM OF SUN YAT-SEN. Translated from the Chinese by Paschal M. D'Elia, S.J. The Franciscan Press, Wuchang. \$1.75.

The Triple Demism of the three principles of Democracy has been called the "Bible" of "Young China" and was written by Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, out of experience of Western traditions as a guide to the building of the new Republic of the East. It is said that he was inspired by the great saying of Abraham Lincoln, "that government of the people, by the people and for the people," etc., and its translation into the English has, therefore, a special interest for Americans. The volume contains, besides the text of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen's work, a short sketch of the author and a number of notes on Chinese subjects that greatly add to its value and interest. It is a book that deserves a wide public.

THE STORY OF POPE PIUS XI. By Benedict Williamson. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. \$2.00.

This is a very timely book and, while within its limits, it cannot do full justice to the great subject, it does not attempt this but wisely confines itself largely to three of the most important episodes in the pontificate of our present spiritual ruler, namely the canonization of the "Little Flower," the Lateran Treaty with Italy and the Pope's innovation of broadcasting his messages to the world.

There is, naturally, a considerable section of the book devoted to the Pope's career before he was raised to the Chair of Peter, but it is these episodes that the author emphasizes as typical of the character and mind of his subject and, for his purpose, he has chosen wisely.

There are certain facts that are peculiarly qualified to serve as evidence to the non-Catholic of that terrific claim of infallibility that is so often a stumbling block where the divine gift of faith is lacking, and among these is that in every crisis in which the Church seems in especial danger, there has always arisen a pope of extraordinary genius and ability to meet the emergency.

The contemporary crisis is one of great danger, but Catholics may feel secure, not only that they have today an intrepid leader, but that at the helm is one who may be counted upon to take advantage of every opportunity to turn defeat into victory for the Faith.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF FAITH, Compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark. Richard R. Smith, Inc., New York. \$2.00.

The Golden Book of Faith is an anthology of religious verse especially of such verse as is an expression of the intuitive instinct towards faith that resides in the individual heart, rather than of the reasoned conviction of the mind, though there are notable exceptions to this.

To many ardent souls, a little weak in their theology, it will doubtless prove a great comfort, to the Catholic with his unshakable faith it will probably seem a little up in the air, though not by any means unstimulating.

The poems, even with the above qualification, are not as satisfactory as they might be, given the immense realm of sublime poetry at the disposal of the author, who might, had he been so disposed, given a much larger volume on a much more consistently high plane. They vary very greatly in poetic as well as in religious value. There is a bit too much of the "honest doubt" of Tennyson, of the rather despairful faith of Matthew Arnold, of the "Infant crying in the night"—which, by the way is not quoted—to make the work a noteworthy tribute to religion. Nevertheless there is much that is charming here and much that well repays reading.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS, by Anastasia E. Conlon.

THE MOSS ROSE, by Anastasia E. Conlon. Read-Taylor, Baltimore. \$1.50 each.

It has been said of craftsmanship in poetry that the apprentice must learn to be singsong before he learns not to be. It is evident that this means that the rules of meter and the sense of rhythm must be gained as the first requisite to writing poetry, which is true, but alas not the whole truth. Too much poetry is attempted today by those who, apparently, feel that they are quite above the necessity of learning or even caring a sou about rhythm, but at least an equal amount comes from the pens of those who preserve their meter without fault and let it go at that.

It is not enough. No, not even when it is coupled with the most praiseworthy ideals and intentions on the part of the author. Even the most exalted theme, let us say the

love of God, however sincerely the emotion may be felt in the heart, does not of itself, though coupled with perfectly flowing verse, insure good poetry.

These qualities are doubtless both possessed by Miss Conlon in her two volumes of verse, yet the reviewer, with a sigh, must set down that this is not poetry, for here is no originality of thought or expression, no power to make us see with a sudden flash of emotion the ever new beauty of old truth. Miss Conlon has learned to be singsong, but she has not learned not to be.

THE FINE GOLD OF NEWMAN. Collected from his writings by Joseph J. Reilly, Ph.D. The MacMillan Co., New York. \$2.50.

Cardinal Newman's writings occupy an almost unique place in Catholic literature in that, during a period when Catholicism was, perhaps at its lowest ebb in English speaking lands, at least in so far as vocal expression is concerned, the great apologist rose suddenly, as it were, and astounded the world with the voice of a master, a voice which would have been recognized as authoritative even in the great ages of Catholic art. He is not one of a great system of mountains, but a lonely peak thrust up in dramatic contrast from what is otherwise a low-lying desert period.

The present volume, *The Fine Gold of Newman*, collected from his writings by Dr. Reilly, should prove of great value both as a source of inspiration to all who love Newman—and who does not—and as a handy reference to the great man's works, for the excerpts have been drawn from the most varied sources, including his eleven volumes of "Sermons," his apologetics and even his two novels, "Callista" and "Loss and Gain."

IT SHALL NOT BE AGAIN, by Thomas Curtis Clark. Richard R. Smith, Inc., New York. \$1.00.

This is a volume of curious little poems, not by any means without merit, for Mr. Clark has the ability to get his feelings into his verse, and his feelings are of a kind which, though crude, are worth listening to. The trouble with them is that they are without background. He has almost a malicious animus against all that has gone before the modern day of which he sings, against the great old tradition in which were born the virtues that he admires. Like so many of his ilk, his views are disproportionate. They are of that peculiar brand of Protestant Americanism that turns in scorn from the sources of all that is best in America, that appear to hold that, like Minerva, America has sprung full armed from

the front of Jove owing her qualities to no one but herself.

It is a mistake, the most dangerous mistake, perhaps, that America can make and it warps beyond salvation the literary expression of those who make it. Mr. Clark might write well but that his thoughts are without a sure source of inspiration.

VERSES, by Barry Vail (John Barry Ryan). Charles Scribner's Sons, New York and London. \$2.00.

More verse and yet more verse and one wonders in the end just why. Mr. John Barry Ryan, who writes under the name of Barry Vail, has given us here quite a lot of them and one still wonders.

Mr. Vail has been influenced by a group of modern authors to a point where his lines are often half reminiscent. He is of the school that seeks for more adequate and direct expression in the idiom of the day. Now this idea is quite correct in theory; the idiom of the day is the proper medium for the poet and prose writer alike. Unfortunately the effort almost always fails. Is it that the current idiom is peculiarly non-poetic or is it that the effort is a too conscious striving for an effect?

The reviewer inclines to the latter view. It may be true that our modern language does not lend itself quite as easily to the terms of great verse as more majestic idioms of past days, but it has its own high values nevertheless. It is pungent and racy and direct and it has been employed with thrilling effect by many. There is no question that it is capable of the most lofty flights and the conclusion is inevitable that it is in a self-conscious preoccupation with it that so many fail. The desire to be a step ahead of the dictionary, the descent into slang that may or may not be expressive, the attitude of slang for slang's sake is the rock upon which these ultra-modernists split, and certainly it robs Mr. Ryan's verse of half the value it might otherwise have.

THE SIXTH NATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS. Published by the Sentinel Press, New York. \$2.00.

The Official Report of the *Sixth National Eucharistic Congress*, held in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1930, was drawn up under the supervision of the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland. It contains a vast amount of exceedingly interesting matter concerning that great gathering of Catholics in honor of the Central Mystery of our Faith—a gathering that reflected great credit upon the organizing ability of those responsible and spoke in no uncertain terms of the active Catholicism of the great Middle West. It is a highly valuable reference book.

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



WHITE BOYS IN YELLOW SKINS

By MICHAEL A. CAMPBELL, C.P.

WHOLLY unmindful of his clean, blue cotton jacket, young Peter Li scooped the oozing, dripping mud at his feet and plastered it generously around the trunk of the small tree. On guard for three fellow-adventurers, he was preparing this surprise for them while, in the branches above, they gorged themselves on unripe mulberries.

As I watched, unobserved, I concluded then and there that China had its Tom Sawyers and its Huckleberry, or Mulberry, Finns. And I felt that at last I was on the trail of the quartette who had plugged the lock of the main gate of the Mission with match sticks and poured a bucket of dirty soapy water into the funnel that led to the water supply of the girls' school.

Indeed, I have found that the boys of Hunan, in spite of their different features and strange tongue, are at heart very much like our American lads. The Chinese boys have their fun, like to play at times in school when they should be studying and are quick to see a joke. I was surprised to learn how readily they saw the point of April Fool day and how thoroughly they enjoyed the pranks played on one another. Although their fights are frequent, they never last long, for the boys have not yet learned how to use their fists well. I have yet to see a bloody nose or a black eye as the result of a fight.

The Hunan boys' laughter is spontaneous and quickly spreads among the crowd. It takes very little to start them laughing, and they like to keep it up. One night while on my way to the doctrine class the boys noticed that I was carrying a new lantern. "Look, *Sen Fu* has a new lantern," shouted one lad. All gave a big cheer, clapped their hands and laughed joyfully. After taking a few steps another cried out, "Oh, look how bright it is!" They stopped, and

there was more cheering, applause and laughter. Further on Joseph Shao called out, "It looks like silver!" and so on till we reached the class room, repeating the ceremonies at each new suggestion. It was a lot of fun over a simple thing. But then, Chinese boys know how to make their fun out of simple things.

There are always a few dull boys in the schoolroom everywhere, but in China there is not a boy, not even

Shiung Er came to me and, with tears in his eyes, told me the unhappy state of his affairs. Of course the tears did not help his cause in the least, for I knew they were forced for the occasion. At such times one is reminded of an automatic sprinkler, for the tears are timed to the second, seem to be produced mechanically and lack all sentiment. Besides, they dry up immediately at the sight of money.



Aloysius Pung, a native of Yungshun and a former Mass-server there, accompanied our Missionaries to Kweichow Province when they were driven from their Missions by the Reds. He is now in philosophy, studying for the priesthood.

the dullest in the whole school, who cannot make a good business deal. The struggle for a living is so keen over here that from the time that the kiddies can count they are trained to strike a good bargain. Everyone seems to have the ear marks of a future financier, but they lack the capital.

ONE of the orphan boys borrowed two big coppers from a pal who lives not far from the mission. This boy began to press his debtor, so

WELL, to get back to the point. At that time Father Paul was in Shinsipin, so I told Shiung Er to wait until Father returned. He would settle this business of borrowing money. To keep things running smoothly in the meantime I gave Shiung Er a small sample tube of tooth paste for his creditor. Within five minutes Shiung Er came back, his face beaming.

"The boy said that he doesn't want the two big coppers; the tooth paste will more than do."

Shiung Er had realized that his chance had come; so, completely master of the situation, he bargained with his chum over the tooth paste. He closed the debt, avoided a severe scolding and ate a meal that he perhaps might never have enjoyed.

Down at the old swimming hole the boys take to the water like ducklings. During the scorching summer months they stir up the muddy bottom four or five times a day. You never see them swim the breast stroke; they all learn to swim by using the over-arm stroke. Their right arm stroke is somewhat stronger than that of the left arm. This raises the body a little out of the water and makes the speed uneven. Yet we had a youngster here last year who could go through the water like a Hawaiian. He could swim the crawl perfectly except for the breathing. Swimming under water comes natural to the boys, and they

are always ready for a water fight. There is, however, one exercise they do not like, and that is diving. The first time they see anyone take a dive straight down towards the bottom or a running dive off the bank they let out a yell from fright. They think that the diver is trying to commit suicide. When the swimmer comes to the top without the least drop of blood running down his face, the boys are beside themselves with delight, yet quite afraid of trying the same stunt.

CAVES! What imaginations this word awakens in the mind of the young American. He thinks of wild beasts, quicksands, a hidden treasure. What does the Chinese youth fancy? Utter darkness, bottomless pits, the home of a god or of a thousand devils, an underground passageway leading to some distant city. There is not a cave within a radius of thirty miles that the boys cannot name for you. Never will they pass by one without making mention of it. The mountains of northwestern Hunan are perforated with caves. Every locality has its *tung* and every case has its many legends. The waters of ancient mountain ponds have worked their way down through the rock and found various outlets to the nearby rivers.

Below Yungshun, at the river's high water mark, is "The Cave of the Immortals." Tradition said that this



A huge jar of Chinese boyish laughter. The Hunan lads are gifted with a keen sense of humor and have a remarkable spirit of devotions for their priests.

cave reached to Paotsing, a distance of forty miles. Carrying two lanterns and a flashlight, six of the boys and myself entered the cave. We cautiously picked our way, at times jumping from one side of the little stream to the other to avoid sinking too deeply in the soft mud. After walking about five minutes we came to a division in the cave. We followed the opening to the left. Squeezing our way between the walls, we soon reached the end, a hollow tower affair. We shouted, cov-

ered the lanterns to see how dark it was and scratched some characters in the rock.

The next day when I asked who would go to the end of the opening that led off to the right, all the boys to a man said, "I." Within three-quarters of an hour we were climbing over the big boulders in the right section of the cave. From time to time we would play the flashlight above. The massive rocks seemed to be leaning on one another. At some spots they appeared ready to crash down upon us at any moment. Still the boys urged that we go on to the end. We passed through two spacious caverns whose walls were wet with trickling water. After fifteen minutes of exploring we came to the end of the cave that was supposed to lead to a city forty miles away! As Father Basil said, "That is one tradition of Yungshun that has been blasted."

But why this incident? Only to show you that although the Chinese boys, because of the tales they have heard, are at times more afraid of dark places and ghosts than are American boys, yet when put to the test they show their real courage.

THERE is one fact that points to a bright future for the Church in our Prefecture, and that is the devotion of the boys to the priest. When the little fellows, be they Catholic or pagan, have found out for themselves that the priest truly loves them, they are eager to show their affection for him. Newcomers, only ten or eleven years old, will first make a serious study of the priest. For a week or more they keep at a distance and say very little, but with their eyes and ears wide open they watch the priest's every move and weigh his least word. Having finished their study to their complete satisfaction, their attitude becomes warmer, and before long they regard the priest as their friend.

On the arrival of the priest at the out-mission the youngsters flock around and make the mission yard their playground. They play their games before the "Sen Fu" and often invite him to join them. If they know at about what time he will arrive, never will they fail to walk out into the country to meet him. Such devotion as this certainly delights the heart of the priest, you may be sure.

Our boys proved the sincerity of their devotion the night that Father Nicholas returned from Lungshan. It was about nine o'clock. The boys were comfortably tucked in under their cotton quilts. The "sand man" had made his rounds an hour before, for the country folk of China retire early. Suddenly the stillness of the



A group of young men, all converts, at our Yungshun Mission, enjoying a story told them by one of the Fathers.

mission was broken. The cook came running into the yard shouting, "Father Nicholas is coming! Father Nicholas is coming!" We priests ourselves wondered if it could be true, for it seemed impossible for Father Nicholas or his mule to make that trip of seventy miles over many high mountains in one day.

As Father began to tell us about the events of his trip, who should come in to welcome him back but the school boys! With their eyes only half open and squinting from the brightness of the lamp, they made their bow and spoke their greetings. If you knew how much Chinese boys enjoy their sleep and how they dis-

like being disturbed once they are tucked in for the night, you would appreciate what an act of heroic virtue they performed that night. And why? Because of their devotion to the priest of God.

The more one works among the Chinese boys the more one comes to love them. At times you can almost see the grace of God working in their souls. The missionary realizes full well that this is the result of the prayers said by those at home. We earnestly entreat the members of the Gemma League and all the readers of *THE SIGN* to continue their prayers for our missions here in Hunan. Do not forget a special prayer

for our boys. We are counting much on them for the future of Christianity in our district. It is encouraging to see how quickly they learn the truths of faith and how readily their characters are moulded.

We know, however, that on their return to their homes their faith will often be put to a practical test. In villages almost wholly pagan they will be marked men. Pagan relatives will bring pressure on them to return to superstitious practices. Our young men of tomorrow, the boys of today, will need the grace of God and strength of character to hold their faith above the ties of friendship and the bond of blood.

YUNGSHUN

By THEOPHANE
MAGUIRE, C.P.

SOLDIERS shouting at their coolies; pack-horses slipping down the smooth stone steps of Wangtsun; townsfolk carrying everything movable into their homes and boarding up the fronts of their houses. From such a scene of wild confusion did we start our trip of thirty-five miles to the Valley of Perennial Peace. The Szechuanese were coming! We were scarcely out of town when we met the vanguard of the on-coming army, and for hours we passed their twenty thousand men as they hurried in single file over the mountain passes. Caught between these pursuing troops and the retreating Hunanese, there was nothing for us to do but continue on to Yungshun.

That was a long day. We were short two mules, so we took turns walking and riding. There were challenging mountains to climb, over trails that were treacherous from a drizzling rain. In the late Spring afternoon the sky cleared, and from the last peak of the Yungshun range we looked down into the peaceful valley. Budding wood-oil trees were bursting into blossom, the poppy fields were in flower, and partly flooded rice fields lay splashed like pools of silver on the green terraced slopes between us and the city. A messenger met us half-way down the mountain to tell us that the local garrison had fled.

At Yungshun we heard some of the history of the surrounding country and of the mission. In ancient times this section of Hunan was an independent kingdom. From K'o Sa a local lord and his successors ruled the country folk with an iron hand. Under those petty kings a system of defense was built up that insured protection against the raids of neigh-

boring chieftains. The old kings have long since gone; their dialect, once the language of the entire district, is spoken only in the more remote villages. But one of the monu-

ments to those ancient kings is the Tower of Fortune, a pagoda of carved stone, which stands a stately sentinel outside the city wall. Many a splendid bridge throughout the district



Sanctuary of the Yungshun Mission. Fortunately it was untouched by the Communist régime in Hunan in 1927, and undamaged by the fire that destroyed a great part of the city two years later.

witnesses to a great glory that has now passed away.

The people of Yungshun are as peace-loving as of old, but for years they have not known peace. Army after army has swept through the district. Straw huts have taken the place of comfortable homes, and entire villages have been wiped out.

When some of the Augustinian Fathers penetrated into this district about 1911, they were met with suspicion and opposition. At times they were in danger of death. By degrees, as the people understood the motives of these foreigners who at first seemed to them so strange, the hostile attitude gave place to an awakened interest. The Fathers succeeded in renting part of a house on a side street. Here they erected an altar and celebrated Mass on their occasional visits to the city. A few years later, when there were several Christians in Yungshun, the Bishop decided to station there a resident missionary. A small house was purchased near that part of the city where the Examination Halls had once stood.

IN 1922, on the arrival of the first group of Passionist missionaries in Hunan, Father Agatho Purtill, C.P., went to Yungshun. He was fortunate in receiving his training in missionary activities under Father Gerard, O.S.A., a distinguished linguist, who was held in high respect by the Chinese. Together they visited the

various stations in the country about Yungshun. The great scarcity of priests, however, soon forced the Augustinian Fathers to withdraw. Father Gerard and Father Joseph, O.S.A., who had succeeded him, to the eastern part of Hunan.

FATHER Agatho was appointed pastor. Happily, the same year, he was joined by Father Raphael Vance, C.P. The territory in their charge was so large in extent and embraced so many souls that they took counsel as to the best means of covering the district. From the beginning it was decided that an effort should be made to discover men who could be trained as catechists. A school was established and serious attention given to the instruction of these future helpers of the missionaries. In the city itself Fathers Agatho and Raphael took over, for a year, classes in English in the public high school. The pressure of mission work later compelled them to give up these classes, but the experiment resulted in the establishing of a number of contacts that afterwards were useful.

In 1923, when Father Raphael set out to open a new mission in Paot-sing, Father Constantine Leech, C.P., and Brother Lambert Budde, C.P., were assigned to Yungshun. The position of Yungshun in the Passionist mission field, as well as the promise of development there, called for the erection of mission buildings on a large scale. Accommodations were

also planned for the gathering of Fathers for retreats. In spite of numerous delays, repeated strikes and the difficulty of securing materials, the Fathers and Brother Lambert pushed on the work until the buildings were completed. The Church of St. James at Yungshun is one of the finest in our prefecture. Because of its excellent construction and ample size it should serve the Christians of that district for many years.

In the early Spring of 1925, when the pursuit of Hunan troops by the Szechuanese forced Father Anthony Maloney, C.P., and myself to accompany the Prefect and his companion to Yungshun, the mission there was well on its way to completion. News of the death of Father Edmund Campbell reached us a few days later, and Fathers Dominic and Agatho started immediately for Hankow. They took the dangerous northern route, and one of their bodyguard was fatally wounded by bandits. My stay at Yungshun at that time was a short one, but in my frequent visits there I could observe the progress that was being made.

FATHERS Basil Bauer, C.P., and Terence Connolly, C.P., on their appointment to the Yungshun district in 1925, spent most of their time at the two out-stations of Hsin Si Ping and Si Ti Hsi. At the first named village Father Basil completed the chapel which Brother Lambert had begun. At Si Ti Hsi, Father Terence



The Church of St. James in the Yungshun Mission. Built by Father Agatho Purtill, C.P., and Brother Lambert Budde, C.P., in the face of great obstacles, it stands today one of the best constructed and most spacious churches in Western Hunan.

devoted his efforts to keeping faithful a small flock who lived in a territory harassed by bandits. The city of Yungshun itself had its share of sieges and battles. On one occasion General Chang was in position to storm the city. Were a battle to be staged at that particular time there would be a food shortage in the district the following year, for the farmers would be unable to plant their rice. At the request of the magistrate and the citizens Father Constantine interviewed the General, telling him that the townsfolk would pay him a sum to withdraw, at least until after the grain was planted. The General withdrew.

IN 1927, Yungshun, in common with most of our other missions, had to be closed for a time when the ad-

Conditions cleared, and the other missionaries gradually took over their posts again. Father Agatho was assisted by Father Cormac Shanahan, C.P. Their usual mission work was interrupted by a tragedy that came to Yungshun. Fire broke out in town and spread with alarming rapidity. For a whole night the missionaries, together with citizens, fought the flames. But morning found most of the city within the walls in ashes. As their share of relief the two Fathers took care of fifty families for over two months. In gratitude the citizens presented to the missionaries a large tablet, which now hangs over the main gate of the mission.

Father Constantine, since 1926, had spent as much time as he could at a city in the very point of the north-

for his life. Shortly after midnight on April 26, 1929, God called this zealous missionary to his reward.

THE Christians of Yungshun, to whom Father Constantine gave such devoted service and of whom Father Agatho was pastor for many years, are now being cared for by Fathers Paul Ubinger, C.P., Nicholas Schneiders, C.P., and Michael A. Campbell, C.P. Much of their time is spent in visiting the several mission stations of the district.

The village of the Li Family is not very far from the city and has had the advantage of frequent Sunday Mass. Hsin Si Ping, in the same direction, but farther distant, has a chapel and accommodations for a priest. Of late some one of the three missionaries has been there almost

A convoy of river boats nearing port on the Yuan in the Passionist prefecture of Shenchow, Hunan.

Moving slowly over a calm stretch of water, their patched sails rigged to catch each breath of breeze, a fleet of sampans such as is pictured here makes but a few miles a day. In traveling on just such boats as these our missionaries live in cramped, stuffy quarters that in summer become almost unbearably hot. These boats gather in convoys for mutual protection against the bandits who prey on passing river vessels.



vance of Communism made it necessary for the Fathers to withdraw from the district. In Kweichow word reached us that the Reds were being defeated. A few of us were commissioned to return to Hunan. On my arrival at Yungshun I found that the troops in town, former irregulars who had been incorporated in the local army, were loath to put a check on the free reign that the rule of communism had given them. I soon found myself in serious difficulties because of a refusal to meet the demands of a young captain. Arrested and taken to barracks, I was afterwards released for ten days to raise a sum of money. Father Basil had joined me at the time. We succeeded in getting in touch with General Chen, and with his assistance the case was settled without payment. Shortly afterwards Father Constantine relieved me of the responsibility of the Yungshun mission.

west corner of Hunan, near the Hupoh province line. Lungshan, town of the Dragon Mountain, far removed from contact even with the other missions, was his city. There he hoped to exalt the Cross of Christ in a district wholly pagan. There he labored, gathering about him a few souls, first fruits of his zeal.

ONE April morning, 1929, he was seized with great pain. So intense was his suffering that he thought he had contracted cholera. He called for a sedan chair. In a bamboo stool, carried by two coolies, he traveled for three days until he reached Yungshun. The Fathers there found he had a raging fever. Without remedies, without so much as a piece of ice to bring him relief, Fathers Agatho and Caspar and Nicholas gave him what assistance they could. A faithful Chinese boy sat with him during the nights that he struggled

constantly. The Place of Dyes, on another trail, is thirty miles distant from the central mission. This little group of homes has had a large share of troubles. Not long since fire destroyed all but a few of the houses there. Western Stone Barrier, a village at the northeastern line of the prefecture, has had even greater sorrow. More than once bandits have driven the natives to take refuge with all their movable goods in near-by caves. Cut off so often from the ministrations of the priests, it is not to be wondered at that these folk have had a struggle to keep from lapsing into the vices of their pagan neighbors.

Valley of Perennial Peace! An army on the hill across the Yungshun River; hand-to-hand fighting under the wood-oil trees outside the city walls; a rebellious officer executed at the very mission gate; the weary, broken troops of General

Hsiang straggling back after their defeat at the hands of Ho, scourge of two provinces. These are recent scenes in that peaceful valley.

Yet Yungshun has Christians of whom we are proud. There was old Chiang, catechist of Si Ti Hsi. Many an evening, after we had read the Gospels together in Chinese, he would close his book and tell me how eagerly he was looking forward to getting to heaven. He would actually chuckle, as though he had just struck an excellent bargain, when he spoke of the great reward God has prepared for our short, faithful ser-

vice on earth. His was a living faith. I am sure that God, Who has since called him, has generously repaid it.

Anthony Li, a sturdy, unlettered farmer lad, proved his faith and sincerity in a very practical way. As a catechumen he learned that Christians were forbidden not only to use but to raise or sell opium. His family was poor. The field of poppies they had sown that year was well on in its growth. The money their opium would bring was badly needed. Anthony left the mission one day, went back to the farm and rooted up the entire field of poppies!

Among the Mass-servers at Yungshun was a boy called Aloysius Pung. Strong willed, steady, of unusually keen mind, he looked about for some position in life at which he might aim. Aloysius aimed very high. He is now in his philosophy, studying for the priesthood in the seminary at Kwelyang.

Christians like these will multiply in Yungshun when God's grace touches the people of that district and when the missionaries have the opportunity to meet and to mould them. Remember that your prayers can help much.

EYES EAST

By SILVAN
LATOUR, C.P.

CHINA has always been a land of mystery. For centuries she was cut off from the rest of the world by barriers deliberately erected to prevent the "foreigner" from forcing his way into her midst. Her isolation was completed by the natural barriers of mountains, deserts and oceans.

Centuries before the dawn of Christianity, China had reached a high degree of civilization. Her people were peace-loving and proud. To the north of her lay the great unknown from which the barbarian horde had frequently swept down upon her, destroying her crops, burning her homes, killing her natives and carrying away her sons as slaves.

Convinced that outside her own confines there existed naught but barbarism, the Chinese people soon

reached the conviction that they had attained the perfect state.

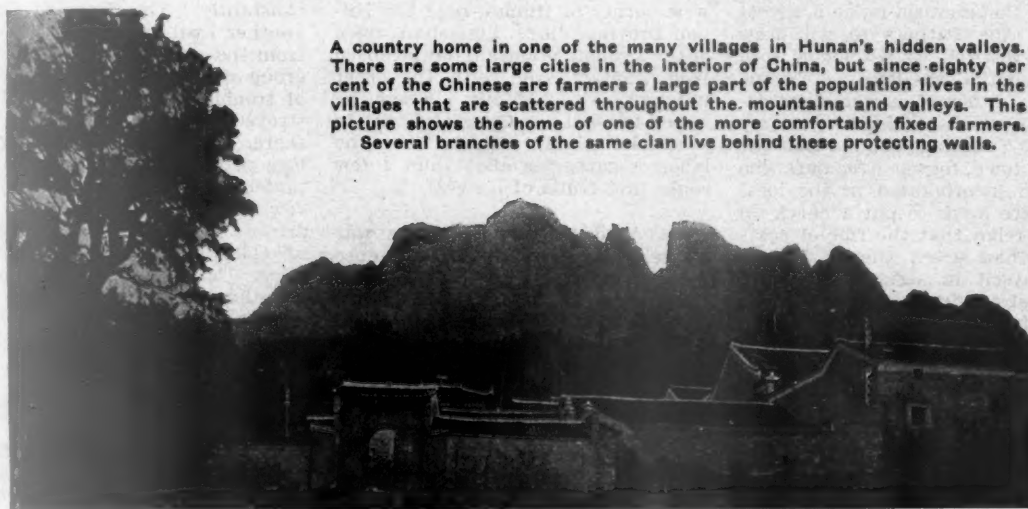
In self-protection, they then set about the erection of a wall that would serve as a safeguard against such invasions. The wall was the work of many centuries and stands today as one of the outstanding wonders of the world.

But in raising the wall China likewise hemmed herself in and thus declared her policy of living for herself alone, in her own way, under her own laws and customs and in the smug complacency of self-attained perfection. So thoroughly had she cut herself off from the rest of the world by the great wall and by her mountains, deserts and oceans that it was not until centuries after the beginning of the Christian era that any real

commerce with the outer world became at all possible.

The civilization of China is something complete. It is by no means an unfinished product. To our western mind it may lack much, but to the oriental mind it is entirely perfected. Western civilization has brought creature comforts and luxuries to its many adherents. To the great majority of the Chinese people, however, the oriental civilization has not been found wanting, even though it has entailed suffering and misery upon millions and millions of natives throughout the past generations.

PHYSICALLY segregated from the western world, China has failed to progress as have the other nations. Her civilization has remained fixed in its ancient moorings, strong in its



A country home in one of the many villages in Hunan's hidden valleys. There are some large cities in the interior of China, but since eighty per cent of the Chinese are farmers a large part of the population lives in the villages that are scattered throughout the mountains and valleys. This picture shows the home of one of the more comfortably fixed farmers. Several branches of the same clan live behind these protecting walls.

antipathy to all that savored of the "barbarian." It is not assuming too much to claim that even today the average Chinese of the interior looks upon every foreigner as a "barbarian," who is in China for his own good and not that of the country.

Nor has this conviction been formed without certain justifiable reasons. The "foreigner" has entered China to build up cities on lines diametrically opposed to her ancient laws and customs. Evils in port towns have multiplied. Through her intercourse with foreign nations have come to her some of the greatest woes she has known. In a word, the Chinese people, having seen and

the same right to judge after he had witnessed the same evidence in hand? The best, the highest, the most humane principles of our western civilization are, as yet, scarcely evident to the Chinese. While making every effort to save all that is noble in Chinese culture, our missionaries are bringing to the people of China, together with the Faith, the highest ideals of our own civilization. And they are laboring under difficulties of which we have only a partial appreciation.

The first authentic record of Catholic missionaries in China dates from the thirteenth century. The

The Chinese had known no civilization but their own. In the spread of the Christian Faith, then, they imagined that they had discovered an organized effort to overthrow their own ancient civilization. Many of the violent outbreaks of years past and much of present antipathy towards Christianity can be traced to that jealous regard for ancient culture and to the suspicion that Christianity is completely identified with western civilization.

In the matter of religion itself the Chinese are usually tolerant. As Latourette observes: "Persecutions have not been wanting, but of these the most ruthless and sanguinary have



This picture gives an idea of the way the Sisters of St. Joseph travelled through the provinces of Kweichow and Szechuan in 1927, when they were driven from their missions in Hunan by the Reds. There is, however, a vast difference in the type of road. Those over which the Sisters travelled were far from the paved street shown above. Most of that heart-breaking journey through the interior was made over treacherous mountain paths. Imagine the nerve-wracking anxiety of the Sisters when the chairs in which they were carried actually swung out over the side of a cliff when the carriers rounded a bend. It is little wonder that after such experiences good Sister Clarissa, long ill and now fatally exhausted, died of fever.

heard of the performances of relatively few good Christians and of many bad Christians, cannot be wholly condemned for their present distrustful attitude towards all "foreigners."

How can one know unless one be told? How can one see unless one be shown? All that is best in our western civilization is yet new to the great masses of China. By far the greater part of China has never met representatives of our western world. Is it not just that China judges only when she has seen and heard? Can her judgment be characterized as unjust when made on the evidence, and only on that evidence, that has been presented to her?

What American would not claim

Christian community then established by John of Montecorvino at the capital was later completely wiped out in the overthrow of the Mongolian Empire. Three centuries later efforts were again made by priests from Europe to enter the Forbidden Kingdom. Since that time, as opportunity offered, missionaries have established themselves in China.

During those centuries the Christians of China have known several periods of persecution. It is worth noting, however, that these various attacks on Christianity were largely made because of the mistaken notion that they were necessary for self-defense. Christianity found itself confronting not merely a hostile régime, but a high form of culture, quite distinct from that of Europe.

been instituted and conducted by the State either because a religious group jeopardized the existing political order or because it was believed to have threatened the fundamental structure of society. . . . On the pages of Chinese history, however, wars in which the religious element has entered as an important motive have been much less numerous than in the records of Mohammedanism or even of so-called Christian Europe."

YET despite her inborn antipathy to all that savors of the West, we have such evidence of China's tolerant spirit as is found in this heartening information supplied by Fides Service under date of March 18, 1931. "Scenes resembling those recounted in the Acts of the Apostles were

witnessed when the Right Reverend Evaristus Chang, Vicar Apostolic of Tsining, explained the doctrines of the Catholic Church to a group of five thousand pagans of the town of Tchangkao. The town, which has a population of seven thousand, had requested, through its leaders, to be received as a unit into the Church.

"With the Bishop were two priests and forty members of the Catholic Action Society. To instruct the vast group of converts four catechism schools have been inaugurated under one priest and seven lay helpers.

"Christians of the Tsining region date back over two hundred years, with a history recounting many deaths for the Faith in succeeding

power of speech on the lips of even a saintly missionary. It represents the harvest of long years of silent and laborious efforts on the part of many heroic missionaries.

INNUMERABLE and almost insurmountable are the obstacles that confront the missionaries. Let us illustrate:

Suppose you were to pick up one of our great American dailies tomorrow morning and on the front page, in glaring lines, read the scarehead: **UNITED STATES ADMITS BAND OF BUDDHIST MISSIONARIES. CONCESSIONS GRANTED IN VIEW OF FRIENDLY OVERTURES BY ORIENT.**

are over three times as many people in China today believing in the adoration of idols as there are professed Christians here in the United States.

The missionary finds the Chinese language at least a temporary hindrance to his efforts. Even more difficult is it for him when he has fairly mastered the language to understand the mentality of the Chinese. It would be foolhardy for him to imagine that he can rush in and properly value the distinct form of civilization which they possess. There is nothing in the West parallel to their culture. For though in the western world Christianity itself is divided, yet it rests its foundations on the mutually accepted tenet of belief in



Left: The Sisters worked heroically to relieve the sufferings of the famine victims in 1926. Sister Finan, of the Sisters of Charity, is shown here in the Guardian of the City Temple at Shenchow where she cared for the sick and the dying. She and her companions labored tirelessly and at the cost of great sacrifice. God alone knows how many souls they assisted to heaven.

Right: A picture of the catechist of the Yungui mission, with a whole family who were found starving. One of the children had been abandoned by the desperate mother. When new crops came in and the famine was over, the mother and children returned to their home in the country.



persecutions. The multiplication of catechetical schools is expected to lead to numerous conversions among pagan villages. . . .

"Catholics under Bishop Chang's care now number 24,150. Many pagans have benefited by his program of charity during the recent famine in the section."

SUCH Pentecostal success, however, has not marked all the efforts of Christian missionaries. Much seed has been sown. Some has fallen by the wayside, some has fallen on stony ground, but a large portion is today bearing fruit. We cannot ascribe such success, as that described, to any sudden impulse on the part of the Chinese nor to any miraculous

What would be your reaction? What success would the Buddhist monk have in teaching you his belief?

First of all, you would not understand a word of his language. Perhaps at the end of several years and after long and hard study he could speak in tolerable English. Would you then give him a hearing? Your first reaction would be: "What's the use? Nobody believes in adoring idols today!"

Accustomed to a higher civilization, born and bred in Christian surroundings, it is not surprising that you should assume such an attitude. Yet there are over three hundred and fifty million people who do believe in adoring idols. In other words, there

the same God. Western culture, even in countries professedly non-Catholic, owed its origin and development to Catholic influences.

IN China there is a vast difference. Long centuries ago, when the right to sacrifice to Heaven was invested solely in the Emperor, the worship of spirits and lesser gods was unknown. Buddhism and Taoism opened wide the door to superstition. Now each home has its ancestral tablet, each village its spirit protector, and in the temples the gods are legion. Literature and art are inextricably bound up with religion. While the Chinese possess the same human nature as ourselves, their customs are outward forms, expressing mental processes

often antipodal to ours. Our missionaries, therefore, are confronted not only with the task of learning a very difficult language, but also with the duty of studying and, in as far as they may, of adapting themselves to the customs of the land and to the widely different view that the Chinese take of life.

CLOSELY allied with her ancient civilization and hand in hand with her tremendous population goes the obstacle of poverty. Christianity makes no promise of riches here on earth. It specifically praises the poor

of China, is another obstacle barring the path of Christianity. Between the years 1906 and 1916 great efforts were made to wipe out this devastating plague. It was all to no avail. It continues to be almost as widespread today as ever. Ordinarily opium is sold openly in any interior town or city. The proprietor of the den selling opium pays a small tax to the local military or civil officials. Not only do adults use it, but in some places even school boys and school girls.

There are various reasons that lead millions of Chinese to use opium.

A realistic poster in China showed a cemetery dotted with graves of opium smokers. Some of the graves appeared newly dug, and into these were walking men and women still smoking opium and looking like living skeletons. Opium is the cause of wasted tissues, leading to tuberculosis. Every year thousands and thousands of Chinese die of tuberculosis caused by opium smoking.

The moral effects of opium are equally disastrous. In order to secure the coveted drug the opium smoker



Left: This picture shows the Sisters of Charity pausing for lunch at a Hunan village on their return to their convent in Shenchow. They had been driven out of the district for a time by the Communist uprising in 1927. This illustration gives some idea of the hardships of travel in our mission section in China. Note the main street of the village, and the construction of the homes. The building at the right of the picture is a Chinese inn.

Right: An escort of soldiers is often needed by our missionaries in traveling through bandit-infested districts. The hiring of soldiers is both a great trouble and a great expense. Father Godfrey Holbein, C. P., pictured here with a bodyguard in the Supu country, was later killed by bandits. He had been assured that the road was safe and, therefore, took no military escort.



and cautions the rich. It glorifies detachment from wealth and the things of the world. To a people grown old in the ways of privations and want Christianity offers no panacea. To the wealthy Chinese conversion to Christianity might well mean the loss of inherited wealth. It is not surprising, therefore, that with poverty all around him and fully realizing what it means the wealthy Chinese is hard to approach with the truths of Christianity. For a Chinese to adopt Christianity means the severing of all family ties and frequently a veritable ostracism from all those he once loved and cherished.

The opium habit, so rampant throughout the length and breadth

With some it is merely the spirit of adventure seeking a thrill. With others it is used as many Americans would use drink—to help them forget their domestic troubles. With others again opium smoking is a last resource in killing pain during illness where people are too poor to call in a doctor.

THE effects on all its victims are more or less the same. Persistent opium smoking makes of the smoker a physical and moral wreck. It is for this reason that, as Christians, the Chinese are forbidden to use it. It saps one's physical energies and even affects the external appearance of the addict. The opium smoker may be recognized by his cadaverous as-

pect. A realistic poster in China showed a cemetery dotted with graves of opium smokers. Some of the graves appeared newly dug, and into these were walking men and women still smoking opium and looking like living skeletons. Opium is the cause of wasted tissues, leading to tuberculosis. Every year thousands and thousands of Chinese die of tuberculosis caused by opium smoking.

The very hugeness of the country and its population together with its lack of modern facilities for transportation may well be considered one of the greatest of obstacles. Approximately five hundred million people in China with relatively a handful of Catholic missionaries! The closer one studies the situation the more and more is one convinced that, considering not only these obstacles but

innumerable others, it is nothing short of marvelous that the Church has made such progress.

When we stop to consider that, according to Chinese belief, every man will be eventually happy, no matter after how many transmigrations of his soul, it is little short of miraculous that even one convert should be made to a religion which teaches that there is a possibility of eternal damnation.

To many it will come as a revelation that there are in China today two million five hundred thousand Catholics. Wherever the Cross of Christ has been reared there have

of a missionary after he had washed them clean in the saving waters of Baptism!

THE sick, the lame and the halt have found a friend in the Catholic missionary. They will come from miles around to have their ailments treated. So has the good word spread and so has the power of the missionary for good been widened.

Considered from every angle the Catholic Church has reason to be proud of her record in China. It has been a weary struggle through centuries of opposition. It has meant the tireless, lifelong efforts of many

Orders laboring in China, are working hard day in and day out not for the conversion of thousands but for the conversion of individual souls. There is no other way. But hard as is the work, trying as are the circumstances, slowly but surely the Church is making headway.

Between June 1929 and June 1930, according to the most recent statistics available, 50,109 Chinese entered the True Fold. The native Catholic clergy has been notably increased by the addition of 75 Chinese priests. The grand total of native Chinese priests laboring in China has now reached the gratifying number of



Left: Some of the Fathers and the Christians of Shenchow are shown here at the grave of the four Passionist Fathers. The bodies of these priests who made the supreme sacrifice in the Hunan mission field now rest in the mission graveyard beside those of many of their flock whom they prepared for heaven. What bleeding hearts were those of the Passionist missionaries that April morning as four of their brethren were laid in the grave in one day! The sympathy of all our friends and subscribers went out to them.

Right: A view of the funeral procession of four Passionist missionaries in April, 1929. Fathers Godfrey Holbein, Walter Coveyou and Clement Seybold, C. P., were killed by bandits near Chenki. Two days later Father Constantine Leech, C. P., died of typhoid fever at Yungshun. The bodies of all four Fathers were brought to the central mission at Shenchow for burial.



been made honest, zealous, convinced Catholics. No better proof of this statement can be found than that many of these Catholics have stood the supreme test and have laid down their lives for the Faith.

FAMINE after famine has swept this or that district. Each famine in turn has left in its wake thousands of dead, dying and diseased. How many souls have been saved in the midst of the harrowing days of starvation! A busy time for the missionaries a harvest of souls for Christ! How many souls are happy today in Heaven, praising and glorifying their Creator because they had the good fortune to die in the arms

missionaries. It has meant the courageous and unflinching enthusiasm of indomitable priests, Brothers and Sisters in the face of what seemed insurmountable obstacles. But Christ is always triumphant and great is His triumph in China today.

What the Church needs in China at present is more laborers for the harvest. Give us the priests, give us the financial assistance so necessary for the maintenance of this gigantic campaign for Christ in China, and within a short time Catholicism would make its way over the entire surface of the Orient. Today the missionary must confine his efforts to the few. The Passionist missionaries, not unlike the missionaries of other

1,446. Adding to this total the number of foreign priests now in the Mission fields of China we have almost 3,500 priests.

At present we find the mighty Orient in political chaos. It is slowly passing through the crucible of transition. But in the midst of all its bloody struggle, while bandits ply their nefarious trade, while Communism rears its ugly head in a vain struggle to dominate the once mighty Celestial Empire, quietly and unobtrusively the Catholic missionary labors on. Soul by soul is being rescued for eternity. Men, women and children are daily being received into the Church of Our Jesus Christ.

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money con-



GEMMA GALGANI

tributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of The Sign. Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

Masses Said	13
Masses Heard	34,379
Holy Communions	22,890
Visits to E. Sacrament	69,545
Spiritual Communions	215,976
Benediction Services	16,493
Sacrifices, Sufferings	69,390
Stations of the Cross	14,240
Visits to the Crucifix	41,600
Beads of the Five Wounds	28,327
Offerings of Pp. Blood	236,811
Visits to Our Lady	34,591
Rosaries	43,851
Beads of the Seven Dolors	13,069
Ejaculatory Prayers	2,008,868
Hours of Study, Reading	24,078
Hours of Labor	72,107
Acts of Kindness, Charity	41,895
Acts of Zeal	64,841
Prayers, Devotions	511,987
Hours of Silence	142,435
Various Works	128,603
Holy Hours	171

+++ + + + "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) + + + + +

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. W. J. FINLEY.
RT. REV. P. C. WINTERS.
RT. REV. H. B. ALTMAYER.
REV. W. J. McCAFFREY.
MOTHER URSULA, O.S.F.
SR. M. BERNADINE.
SR. MARY NICHOLAS.
SR. MARY THEILMAN.
SR. M. THECLA MONAHAN.
MARGARET A. HARTFORD.
THOMAS DORR.
JOSEPH H. COLLINS.
IGNAZ THIERY.
WILLIAM HAMM.
JOHN MERGLER.
DORA ROUSE BRADY.
DANIEL J. McCAFFREY.
NICHOLAS COMESKY.
HELEN M. PASSMORE.
GEORGE CARPENTIER.
MARY BUCKLEY.
DR. J. B. MANNING.
CHARLES COLESTON.
ELLEN CROSS.
CHARLES G. PFEFFER.
MARGARET O'FARRELL.
CATHERINE COLESTON.
MR. N. L. WISEN.
MARGARET M. WHITE.

MARY L. CRAHEN.
GEORGE H. JOHNSON.
ALBERT C. HALEY.
ALOYSLA DANVER.
MRS. E. RIEHL.
JOSEPH A. RIEHL.
JOHN T. BARRY.
LORENZ DUSEL.
MAX HOFFMAN.
J. G. FANGHIADI.
FRED BUTLER.
MARGARET T. FLYNN.
JAMES J. FLYNN.
MORGAN FLAHERTY.
MRS. M. E. FRESCHARD.
THOMAS J. COX.
WILLIAM CASSIDY.
MR. J. B. DONOHUE.
CLARA WILMAN.
CATHERINE McDONALD.
MR. RICH.
VIRGINIA CROWNE.
MARGARET M. DALY.
MRS. WILLIAM CARHART.
MRS. RICHARD DAY.
JOHN MACKEL.
MARY KENNEDY.
EDNA DUNN.
MATHEW A. DIVVER.
J. GERARD DIVVER.
JAMES KEENAN, SR.
MRS. JOS. BERADINE.
MICHAEL FLAHERTY.
JERE DALTON.
HANNA O'DOWD.
J. H. HOFERLE.
JOHN LAYDON.
ELIZABETH BRENNAN.
BRIDGET HEALY.

MRS. HULL.
CATHERINE O'CONNELL.
RICHARD H. HUNT.
FLORENCE MOTT.
ISAAC BELL BRENNAN.
MRS. DUNLEAVY.
EDWARD J. GURRY.
MRS. JOHN FARRELL.
CATHERINE JOHNSON.
MRS. JOHN BENKART.
MICHAEL TONER.
STEPHEN HORNE.
JAMES SPITALATTO.
MARY O. O'BRIEN.
OLIVE V. McCLELLAN.
MARY CARROLL.
MARY BOAR.
THOMAS MAGUIRE.
ELIZABETH MAGUIRE.
ALFRED BELOND.
MRS. M. STECHER.
PETER FERGUSON.
MR. J. W. SULLIVAN.
KATHERINE MULLANE.
PATRICK FINN.
MARTIN H. DILLON.
ROSANNA HUGHES.
MORRIS FLAHER.
DANIEL PHELAN.
AUGUST KAUFMANN.
HENRY F. LEHAN.
MARY HUTAIN.
ARTHUR J. BROPHY.
MILTON C. WALSH.
MAE E. MOTT.
THOMAS BRENNAN.
MRS. J. ARCHAMBAULT.
JOHN FLAHERTY.
MRS. MURRAY.

PETER J. HOLLAND.
PATRICK J. CANAVAN.
MARGARET CANAVAN.
MADELINE CANAVAN.
PATRICK B. SCANLON.
MARY B. BREYER.
EDWARD J. SAUM.
JAMES P. DOYLE.
JOHN A. COAR.
MAURICE POWER.
MARY E. IRVING.
HELEN FOX.
MRS. JOSEPH STEINER.
WALTER MAHONEY.
PATRICK FINN.
MICHAEL DELAY.
ANNA SWEENEY.
MARGARET STEVENS.
AGNES DOWD MISNER.
MARY M. COOK.
MRS. J. J. DABCY.
MARTHA E. BUTLER.
ANNIE M. FINLEY.
MRS. HARTIGAN.
JOHN BRUNNER.
MARY C. O'NEIL.

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Who Will Die Tonight?

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of , 19.....

Signed Witness

Witness Witness

◀◀◀ Painless Giving ▶▶▶

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish. Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

For Christ's Cause: 3 Suggestions

1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$ \) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.



The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you may care to make for their benefit.

**MISSION
NEEDS**

**STUDENT
BURSES**

**YOUR
LAST WILL**

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

**GET A
LIFE INCOME
HELP CHRIST'S
CAUSE**

6% TO 9%

You can't take it with you!
Will you hoard or spend it?
Give it away or make a
Will?
Why not buy Life
Annuities?

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. **PERMANENCE:** An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. **ABUNDANT YIELD:** The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. **SECURITY:** Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. **FREEDOM FROM WORRY:** Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. **ECONOMY:** There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. **STEADY INCOME:** The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. **CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., Care of The Sign, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

